



JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 541

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1922

TWOPENCE

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK
AND
ENJOY

LIPTON'S
TEA

Our
£3,000
Xmas
Offer
Last Days
(See Page 19)

A CHEERY MESSAGE

by

A. G. GARDINER



MAKE IT
the **MERRIEST** XMAS by Seeing

JACKIE COOGAN

IN

The World's
Wonder
Boy.....

OLIVER TWIST

The Dickens
Wonder
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JOHN BULL

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MON.—A. H. FELTON, 4, Gibbs Road, Newport.
SALOP.—T. A. HARDING, 34, Trench Rd., Nr. Wellington.
EDWARE.—F. RANDALL, 23, Buckingham Rd., Whitchurch Lane.
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Fill in the Forms on Page 26.

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"Small Ads. Worth Watching."

Continued on page 22.

Be sure you read them.



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ALL WOOL
Blue Serge
SUIT for
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LIFEBUOY, the children are
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AFTER their bath the children are quickly in Dreamland, and Father Christmas leaves his tokens of good-will knowing the youngsters will appreciate his gifts to the full, because they will awaken radiant in health, and joyous in spirit. During the Christmas Festivities, when the children literally tumble over each other, at this party, and at that, their toilet with Lifebuoy Soap is a safeguard. Lifebuoy Soap leaves every pore of the skin antiseptically clean and protected.

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JOHN BULL

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For the People—
 the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on
 which the Sun
 :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Christmas!

In all sincerity we extend the compliments of the Season to our readers, while on another page our friend "A. G. G." writes in his own inimitable vein on the spirit of Christmas. We endorse every word.

The Claim of Sympathy.

Amid our Christmas cheer let us spare a thought for those who through unmerited ill-fortune cannot feast with us. The big task of the New Year will be to find enough jobs to go round.

A Costly Party.

The National Liberals in Parliament claim to be about sixty strong. And to run this Party there are nearly as many secretaries and officials. Well, it isn't *our* money.

A Minor Matter.

Nearly £130,000 has been spent by the Government on relief for refugees in Asia Minor. No wonder Labour and the unemployed are restive under tranquillity!

Aerial.

The Government have decided to adopt Captain Guest's scheme providing 500 aeroplanes for home defence at an ultimate cost of £2,000,000 a year. The money will be wisely spent. Better too soon than too late.

Enough.

Some politicians quickly find out their mistakes. Several new members have already intimated to their Party Whips that they have had enough of Westminster, and want to retire as quickly as circumstances permit.

The "Safe" World.

Four years after the "War to End War" there are standing armies throughout the world (not counting the "uncivilised" part of it) amounting to nearly five and a-half million men. We have learnt our lesson, haven't we?

Reaping the Whirlwind.

Americans are bored with making money. High taxation is causing the worship of the almighty dollar to wane. They are getting alarmed because other countries cannot buy from them. Cornering the world's gold hasn't been the picnic they imagined.

In the Air.

Princess Bibesco has written a new book entitled "Balloons." It is said that Mr. Lloyd George is engaged on one entitled "Kites: By one who has flown them."

A National Scandal.

While M.P.s are enjoying six weeks' holiday on full pay over a million unemployed are starving. To prorogue Parliament without fully discussing this problem is a national disgrace.

Get Together!

Once again France is threatening to take separate action against Germany. With the Allies all squabbling amongst themselves no wonder the Huns just grin—and sit tight.

What's Sauce for the Goose . . .!

A French law renders a faithless wife liable to two years' imprisonment. If we had such a law here, to include faithless husbands as well, the Divorce Courts might be less crowded.

Labour's "Ginger" Group.

Impatient Labour members are determined to wake up its own leaders as well as the Government, and lively as things are in the "House" they are livelier still inside the Party.

The First Essential.

Distrust of its leaders is going to be the rock on which the Labour Party will split unless it is careful. Discipline is the first essential for success in any army—and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald knows his job.

Strange Bedfellows.

The Moscow Disarmament Conference between Russia, Poland, and the Baltic States has broken up because of the refusal of the Russians to sign the Non-Aggressive Treaty. Mr. Newbold please note!

Very Timely.

Mrs. Wintringham, M.P., a member of the new Food Prices Committee, is to make an effort to discover why the retail prices of food-stuffs are so high. Every housewife will be with her in the search.

Splendid!

The Government is economising at last. Replies are no longer sent to letters received by a certain Government Department—to save paper! Meanwhile we are still spending millions in Mesopotamia.

IMPORTANT

OWING to the Christmas holidays "John Bull" will be on sale throughout the country on Thursday, December 28, instead of Wednesday, December 27.

The issue dated Saturday, January 6, 1923, will be on sale on the previous Wednesday as usual.

Long Overdue.

M.P.s are calling for an inquiry into the methods adopted in this and other countries to restore the prosperity of agriculture. An inquest is what is really needed.

Back to the Land.

Mr. Lloyd George has got away with the stuff. He dished the Labour Party by his speech on the land in relation to unemployment, and compelled the Government to set up an inquiry.

Impudence.

They have still a lot to learn across the Atlantic about British judicial customs. Were it not so, the authorities would have been spared an impudent request for details of cinema rights in the Ilford murder trial.

The Dope Danger.

Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary to the League of Nations, claims that if Governments would act together the illicit cocaine traffic could be stamped out in three years. They cannot begin a minute too soon.

A Handsome Proposition.

The Lancashire Federation of Trades Councils demand a pension of £1 a week for all people of 60—irrespective of income. We have no objection—when we are nearer the millennium—and are able to afford it.

A Safety Valve.

In the opinion of Lord Justice Scrutton the wording of the Gaming Act, 1922, was left by the Legislature in "deliberate obscurity." He may be right. If Acts of Parliament were clear, most lawyers would be out of work.

Misdirected Zeal.

Surely the two plain-clothes men now shadowing the well-known publicist who drew attention to the alleged bribery in the police force could be better employed! Do the authorities think they will thus trace the source of his information?

The Explanation.

The real explanation of those Greek letters is that most of the Ministers had been so bored with useless memoranda from the Foreign Office that they assumed that if the documents were important the matter would be brought before the Cabinet by the Foreign Secretary.

A Legal Anomaly.

The Bywaters case brought into prominence the fact that Law Officers of the Crown have exceptional privileges when conducting a prosecution. This should not be. Justice should know no privilege, and Parliament must remedy this.

JOHN BULL

"Queenie's" Touts.

What commission does Queenie Gerald pay her Society touts who recommend her establishments to "young bloods" embarking on the costly process of sowing wild oats? Are they content with the "run of the house"? We doubt it.

How Can She Do It?

At the Edinburgh Small Debt Court, Sheriff Neish ordered a poorly-clad woman who owed rent amounting to £9 5s., to pay off the arrears by instalments of £1 weekly. If, as was stated, she had only 30s. a week with which to provide for six people, we don't quite see how she is to keep up the payments without incurring starvation. Perhaps Sheriff Neish will suggest some scheme to avoid this.

Cry of a Coward.

When Theodore Dugdale appealed against the "cat" on grounds of ill health, he was told that there was nothing to indicate that he was an unsuitable subject to receive corporal punishment. As this reprobate was not afraid to prey on the life of a young girl for immoral purposes, it was sheer cowardice that caused him to howl against the "catty" part of his sentence. We hope the 15 strokes will do him good.

Father's Inhumanity.

There are no extenuating features in the case of James Green, of 37, Stoney Street, Burnley, who has gone to gaol for four months. Because his twelve-year-old daughter Maggie had to raise her voice whilst speaking to her mother, who is rather deaf, Green thrashed her unmercifully with a strap. She had weals on her face and body as a result of his brutality, and her lip was so swollen that it almost touched her nose. Green deserves all he has got.

Grave-Eating Children.

No punishment can be too severe for a father who deliberately starves his children. We are glad, therefore, that Robert Thomas Jones, a widower, was at Newport (Mon.) sentenced to three months' hard, and that his mother, who was a party to the cruelty, was fined £5. The children were actually seen in the garden eating grass and turnip leaves, and were described as "walking frames." We hope Jones will get bread and water diet in prison.

Playing at Punishment.

What are the Gateshead Magistrates thinking about? William Wilkinson, aged 45, of Southill Road, Bensham, was charged with having assaulted two little girls, one aged 12, the other 9. The charge was proved, and it might have been expected that proper punishment would follow. Instead, however, of the hard labour—not to mention the "cat"—he richly deserved, this beast was merely fined 40s. and 9s. costs. Such dangerous leniency is sickening.

A Benevolent Baker.

After feeding on turnips for three days, a Leicester youth appropriated a loaf of bread from a baker's handcart at Sutton (Notts.). As a result he found himself in the dock at Mansfield, where the humane Magistrates agreed to put him in the hands of the Probation Officer, whilst the prosecuting baker, named Waltham, turned benefactor and made the delinquent a present of the loaf as he left the dock. The milk of human kindness is not yet dried up.

Much Too Cheap.

Evan Williams, fireman of the Lady Windsor Colliery, near Pontypridd, was summoned, amongst other things, for failing to withdraw every workman from a place in the colliery found to be dangerous. He was fined five pounds and costs, but it is very alarming to know that the Court regarded the risk of loss of human lives so lightly.

Death or Glory.

The Carmarthen Bridges Committee have decided to spend nearly £100 to provide bronze panels, bearing the names of the Committee, on a new bridge nearing completion. There were protests from some of the members, who, in view of the prevalent distress, felt that the sum was a large one to spend on the glorification of a few persons. We quite agree. Bread before praise is an excellent motto.

"Made in Germany" Ramp.

Not since the war has there been so much German Christmas stuff in the shops as now. Windows everywhere shriek with the "joy" of it; counters proclaim the "glory" of it. The shame, if not the scandal of it, is that customers more often than not do not know they are buying it. Surely the origin of foreign goods sold across counter should be disclosed, under legislative compulsion, by the seller?

Brutal Severity and—

The Swansea Magistrates could not have been in their normal state of mind when they recently ordered two boys to be sent to a reformatory until they are 18 years of age. These youngsters, together with another who was merely bound over, had "borrowed" a bicycle to learn to ride. It was a boyish escapade, and the owner of the machine had no desire to prosecute. Knowing what we do of reformatories, we say the sentence was a savage one, and ought to be quashed.

—The Human Touch.

Mr. Platten, the Tottenham Magistrate, showed a better way with a small boy who had committed theft to enable him to go to the "pictures." The delinquent was reminded of a room at the back of the police-court containing a chair and a big policeman, and was shown the birch. The little picture thus drawn for him drew tears of penitence. Better than condemning a child to a term of years in a reformatory.

Asking Too Much.

Decent women will not readily join the Manchester City police if they are to be submitted to acts of impropriety in order to secure the conviction of degenerates. The City Recorder, Mr. A. J. Ashton, has rendered a public service in directing attention to this serious matter. The duties of a policewoman are difficult, and their task of bringing Manchester's beasts to the dock a disagreeable one. But honour is as dear to a policewoman as to any other member of her sex.

Taxing Empty Houses.

If landlords who keep houses empty in order to exact extortionate prices for sale were compelled to pay rates while the houses are unoccupied, more would become available for families seeking and needing them. The Local Government Committee of the London County Council suggest that the owners should pay a quarter of the rates which would be charged in occupation. Why only a quarter, the whole of them would be more effective.

A Moral Pervert.

Richard Dixon, of King George's Crescent, Warrington, has been sent to gaol for three months for serious misbehaviour towards young girls. The lad is only sixteen. Recently he came under the vile and loathsome influence of a moral pervert who has accomplished his ruin. The Warrington police should lay their hands upon this spoiler of youth without delay. Freedom to him spells danger.

The Paragon on the Prowl.

The Paragon Stores, Bradford—the shady concern we warned our readers against recently—are still advertising their bales of goods, and, presumably, obtaining money for them. Evidently they consider Christmas a propitious time to prey upon the poor, whom their specious advertisements persuade to buy their shoddy goods. But they cannot expect to fool all the people all the time.

An "Out-of-Work's" Mite.

An "out-of-work" since November, 1920, enclosing the Bow Street Magistrate 5s. for his poor box, wrote: "Probably there are few so hard up but what there is some poor devil in a worse plight and through no fault of his (or her) own." A sympathetic, kindly soul who deserves a better fate. By such generous impulses on the part of the poorest are some of the richest shamed.

A £336 Lesson.

Mrs. J. M. Lavie, of Abingdon, has had her lesson in law. Let it be a lesson to others as well. While staying in a hotel she left open her bedroom door, and in her absence a thief stole her jewellery, valued at £336. She sued the proprietor of the hotel, but Mr. Justice Sankey has decided she cannot recover what she has lost through her own negligence. It is a common-sense decision. Anyone with £336 worth of jewellery should be more careful.

Exploiting the Unemployed.

"These stirring recitations are sold by ex-Service men, war widows, etc., to help them to earn a livelihood," runs the legend on a two-penny sheet of doggerel written and published by Charles Miller, of 39, Burton Road, Brixton. On the back, however, are announcements of specifics for wrinkles, obesity, and grey and superfluous hair, etc., all of which businesses are apparently carried on under different names at the publisher's address. This seems a mean method of exploiting the unemployed.

A Scer Who Didn't See.

John Raynor, otherwise George Oswald, claims to be able to peer into the future, but he did not see far enough to realise that he was one afternoon dealing with the police at his filthy room in Quay Street, Manchester. Seeing that John had a hundred clients a day, and was filling his pockets with money, a £10 fine was a paltry punishment. A taste of gaol would have done him good, and would have acted as a warning to the other 29 similar frauds in Manchester.

"Michaels and the Mark."

Our recent warning against the German firm of Henry Michaels and Co., operating from Fulwood House, High Holborn, was timely. This dubious concern is now running a picture post-card ramp, and when the goods ordered are returned to them as worthless or unsuitable, they conveniently omit to return the money. Michaels and Co., like the country of their origin, simply hate the idea of reparations.

A Lesson.

Prompt payment of insurance money would probably have saved the life of Lucy Farrer, a poor widow who committed suicide at Portsmouth. No Insurance company should dilly-dally with claims when poor people are dependent on the money, and we hope this case will serve as a warning for the future. Otherwise our comments will be more drastic.

Two-Sided Justice.

"On one side of the street it is a virtue to go and have beer and stay as long as you like on the Sabbath," remarked the presiding Magistrate in a licensing prosecution at Newport, "but the law does not grant public houses the same privileges as clubs." It is good to have these deadly parallels from the bench, when what is virtue on one side of the street becomes vice on the other.

"Shuffle Along."

We cannot think that Mr. Charles B. Cochran has selected the best moment to import from America a company of coloured artists, seventy strong, who will present a musical play entitled "Shuffle Along." It seems to us there are already more than enough unemployed British artists "shuffling along" in their vain search for work, and that in these circumstances the importation of so large a parcel of coloured talent is not justified.

The Return of the Hun.

We suppose the German is not altogether to be blamed for returning to England when the chance occurs; but that does not mean praise for the British who encourage him to do so. Here is an advert. from a recent Manchester newspaper: "Experienced Pork Butcher for making-up. German pref.; regular work for suitable man." The name of this would-be employer is not given, unfortunately; for we are sure Manchester would like to know it.

"John Bull" and the School Surgeons.

Our campaign against the atrocities committed by school surgeons has had the desired effect. An official statement reports a considerable falling off in the number of adenoid and tonsil operations, which is ascribed partly "to statements in a section of the Press in the early part of the year." We acknowledge with gratitude this official compliment to the influence of JOHN BULL, and deal with the subject further elsewhere.

A Woman's Way.

We like the style of Mrs. Hatfield, a Hull City Councillor, who, referring to certain grievances of inmates of the City Asylum at Willerby, declared that she would give the Committee three months in which to remove them. "If they do not do so," she said, "I shall have to withdraw, because I cannot have such things going on under my name." If everybody took their public responsibilities as seriously as Mrs. Hatfield, this would be a better world to live in.

A £1,000 Challenge.

H. R. Thomas & Co., of 14, Pitlake Bridge, Croydon, offer £1,000 if they do not supply a Gent.'s Complete Suit or Overcoat for 19s. 6d. A reader who sent them this sum received a suit seven inches too small, and when he returned it was told a larger size would cost 30s. When he protested and pointed to their challenge, they informed him that they never said their suits were made to measure. Then why do they send full instructions for self-measurement? Clothes that don't fit are useless, so presumably they are merely made to sell.

Lipton's Liberality.

We lift our hat to Sir Thomas Lipton, who is this Christmas exercising a commendable liberality by making free gifts of 100,000 5s. parcels of food to the poorest of the unemployed, at a total cost of £25,000! When wealth is put to such uses its possession is indeed a splendid privilege.

The Children of the Clyde.

Dr. Chalmers, Medical Officer of Health for Glasgow, has reported that lung disease is increasing among children, that chronic enteritis is becoming more difficult to treat, that "poor mothers are suffering unduly from malnutrition" and that many are "losing heart." So the Glasgow Labour Members see to it that Mr. Bonar Law gets no tranquillity.

A Smelly Business.

There is a very ancient and fish-like smell about the business of A. Rein & Co., of St. Margarets, Vowchurch, Hereford, though their name is new to us. Several readers complain of having had circulars from them offering information as to how to restrict their families on payment of £1. We advise our readers to shun them as they would a cesspool.

The Herald Angels

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

NO one knows the day on which Christ was born.

It could not have been December 25th, for the Bible story tells us that there were shepherds abiding in the fields at the time, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

Shepherds do not stay all night in the open air at this time of year in Palestine any more than in England.

Hence it is probable that the season was the springtime, and it has been conjectured with some justification that the shepherds were engaged in the special duty of caring for the sacrificial lambs in preparation for the great annual feast of the Passover.

This is significant.

We are told that these men saw and heard angels singing of the wondrous event that had just taken place in a stable and its meaning for the world.

Why were the shepherds so privileged? Was it because of the nature of their vocation?

They were discharging a sacred duty, and were perhaps inspired by it to the extent of seeing high visions and dreaming noble dreams during their quiet vigil under the Syrian stars.

The world at large then, as now, saw no angels and heard no song.

There are those among us who say there were no angels to see and no song to hear; that the beautiful story of the first Christmas night is only a story after all—poetry and allegory, not literal fact.

Well, be it so; the point is not a vital one; although, as Disraeli once said, I am on the side of the angels.

But what is truly vital and indispensable in the message of Christmas to our hearts is its reminder that heaven is ever breaking through to earth if only we had eyes to see and ears to hear.

Blessed are they upon whose faces shines the glow of the eternal, who amid the darkness of surrounding terror, hatred, and despair can still believe and act out their belief that

*God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world.*

His Reward.

A St. Leonards householder, whose property was taken over by the military in 1914, put in a claim for compensation. For three years it had been subjected to close examination by Whitehall experts at a cost to the taxpayer exceeding the original claim, and now the claimant is awarded eighty pounds more than he asked for. That's the way the money goes.

A Swindler Sentenced.

Thanks to our recent exposure of his shady tricks, Charles Lewis, carrying on business as the "Purdon Empire Trading Stores," South Lambeth Road, has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for his "Prize" swindle. If readers would only ask our opinion before sending money to rogues of this character they would be saved vexation and loss.

Another Shyleek.

When Parliament is wise the money-lending ramper who extorts high interest from his victims will go out of business. One of these financial octopuses seems to have had his tentacles round Herbert Rigby, of London Terrace, Darwen. Herbert is in the bankruptcy court now, and he says that the interest exacted from him by money-lenders is a cause. Names, please, that others may be warned not to cross the same doorsteps.

Busy-Body Police.

Is there a religious fever rampant among the Greenock police? While a whist drive was in progress in "Sugaropolis," detectives raided the hall and took an inventory of the prizes, which included brushes, grocery, meat, etc. Apparently the only reason for the raid was that whist drives were becoming very common in the town. Much more useful work is still to be done in cleansing Greenock of crime than that of stirring up innocent card parties.

Blarney!

We notice that Denis O'Carroll, of Castle Comer, Co. Kilkenny, who calls himself by the high-falutin' title of American Commissioner is still at his blarney of advertising for the next of kin of Irish folk who are supposed to have died in America, and asking for a fee of 5s. from all applicants for a "Form of Investigation." We'll warrant he collects more in fees than ever he recovers in legacies. Whisht, ye ould sinner!

A Cruel Distinction.

If it is true that while bands composed mainly of musicians employed in other work during the day are allowed to "wait" in the streets of Tunbridge Wells at night, while parties of unemployed ex-Service men are forbidden to sing carols, we should advise the Chief Constable to alter his decision, since it does not tend to the encouragement of peace and good will. Why others should be granted a privilege which is denied to the indigent workless we cannot see. At any rate, it is decidedly un-Christianlike.

A Mistaken Kindness.

Fullerton's Patent Private Inquiry Agency, of 12, Stockwell Gate, Mansfield, have evolved an ingenious method of getting guineas. They advertise for young men for detective work, and in reply to inquiries write: "We are prepared to appoint you as our probationary representative for three months. After this period you will be eligible as our full agent commencing at a salary of £4 10s. per week, rising by 20s. per month to £6 10s. and expenses . . . Kindly remit one guinea cost of certificate, etc." Kindly! It would be a mistaken kindness.

JOHN BULL

CORRUPTERS OF YOUTH

Menace of Clubs for Lonely People

Men and women whose moral instincts are of the lowest order are given limitless opportunity, by the payment of a few shillings, to corrupt innocent youth.

THE Universal Correspondence Club, 16a, Cambridge Street, S.W.1, is one of several similar institutions which we have felt called on to criticise from time to time, and as promoters of these organisations seem to find them rather profitable, judging by the number now in existence, we make no apology for once more directing attention to the danger that lurks behind such so-called clubs and circles.

The "Friends League," run by the notorious Sandy McNab, is another dangerous lure for lonely men and women. It has offices at 3, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn.

The declared object of these clubs is to find correspondents for lonely people. Judging from the facts that have come under our notice some of these correspondents might be described more accurately as co-respondents, or at any rate as potential co-respondents, and the chief function of the clubs or circles seems to be to second the efforts of His Satanic Majesty in providing mischief for idle hands to do.

The organisers of these clubs and circles do not and cannot vouch for the character of those whom they put into communication. They do not even take the trouble to make the slightest investigation of the character of the people they allot the licence to communicate with fellow members. So long as a would-be member is prepared to pay his subscription of a few shillings he obtains all the privileges of membership.

There is nothing to prevent the worst roué and corrupter of innocent youth in this country being put into communication, at a trifling cost, with possible victims in a way that ensures response. There is nothing to prevent degenerates of both sexes finding their "souls" through these mediums, and that they do so can be established by anyone with the time and the inclination for corresponding with persons on the books of such clubs.

Take the case of "Lonely Woman" who writes from a town in the South Midlands to male members whose names she has obtained from the club. At first there is not a word to suggest that the lady is a wife and mother, but after a time she avows that she is so situated and mentions that as her husband is very much wrapped up in business she is seeking a "pal" to take her about on her regular visits to London and to share her frequent "lonely" trips to the South of France. Anyone who cares to read the Divorce Court reports can see at once how this kind of "paliness" usually ends.

A young school teacher from the provinces, lonely in London, seeks congenial male companionship through the club. She meets one of the men assigned to her, and is

bluntly offered the vacant position of his mistress. Many of the women who part with subscriptions to these "circles" are foreign and country girls living alone in London. Most of them are really innocent, but when they enrol as members of the club they are on their way to losing their innocence.

One case to which our attention was called was that of a girl who found herself in the clutches of one of the most unscrupulous roués in the West End, who set himself to accomplish her ruin.

In another instance a young woman found she was meeting regularly a man whose wife was on the point of divorcing him and she had the mortification of being watched by private detectives wherever she went. Now she lives in dread of being dragged into the Divorce Court as the result of her foolish experiment.

But perhaps the greatest menace to morality presented by clubs of this type is the facilities afforded neurotic girls to get into touch with hardened reprobates who pander to their abnormal instincts.

A JOB FOR "MY LORDS"

Wicked Neglect of a Sergeant's Widow

AT times the callous disregard shown by the Chelsea Pensions Authorities to those who have the strongest possible moral claim upon their consideration is almost past belief.

Witness the case of the widow of the late Staff-Quartermaster-Sergeant Ernest H. Deering, R.A.P.C., whose story is one of the most poignant imaginable.

Deering was an old soldier, having enlisted in the 21st Lancers about 22 years ago. Proving an expert at accounts, he was persuaded to transfer to the Royal Army Pay Corps, with a view to more rapid promotion.

In August, 1914, he was passed fit for active service, and proceeded to France with the first Expeditionary Force.

Although no longer a combatant, he experienced some of the worst rigours of the opening of the campaign; took part in the retreat from Mons; and endured such hardships and privations that his health was undermined. In 1915 he was in hospital at Rouen. Subsequently he was invalided home, and spent the remaining years, until his death last August, in intermittent spells of duty and hospital.

Two months before the end came the authorities saw fit to discharge him from the Service with valvular disease of the heart—of which disability there was no trace when he was found fit for duty overseas in 1914.

Deering's premature death plunged his sorrowing widow into the

direst difficulties. She had naturally expected that her husband's long and loyal service would entitle her to a pension. The mother of three children—all at school—she found herself faced with the task of supporting them—and her mother also—on the slenderest means.

Her distress may be imagined when she was informed by "The Lords Commissioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea," that, as her late husband's death "was not directly attributable to service," she was not eligible for a pension.

The appalling nature of her plight will be better understood when it is explained that she is an Irish loyalist, living in Dublin, and had served in the Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C.—which facts, combined with that of her having married an English soldier, debar her, under the new Irish regime, from civil employment.

It seems to us that a cruel injustice has been done this woman, and we appeal to the Authorities to reconsider her claim to a widow's pension. A mere quibble should not be allowed to stand in the way of justice. Although a non-combatant and never wounded, her husband died as much a victim of the War as any soldier who fell in the trenches.

The anxieties of her position are preying upon her mind. She feels overwhelmed and helpless in the face of her responsibilities towards her children. We fear tragedy; and we ask the Chelsea Authorities to avert it by a belated act of justice, if not of generosity.

SPONSORS FOR CRIME

Who are Mary Lyon's Accomplices?

Had she not made dupes of foolish people who make a practice of using their social status as a financial asset, she would not have been able to practise the swindles she did.

MARY LYON, who under various aliases has lived by her wits for at least half of her fifty-two years, has now gone to serve three years' penal servitude for her latest series of swindles.

Her career of crime has been marked by daring and resource of a high order and it is clear that Mary was no ordinary criminal. Her special line was living on credit, but occasionally she resorted to tricks to obtain large sums from persons of position whose confidence she had gained by means of introductions supplemented by her own stories of her prospects under imaginary wills.

She passed at different times as Lady Morly, as the Hon. Marion Lyon, as Lady Ursula Lyon, and she had many other aliases which she used on the Continent, in Ireland and in this country to further her schemes.

Now the astonishing thing about Mary was the ease with which she was able to secure the entry into fairly good society in order to carry on her roguery. How was this possible? Surely it should have

been easy to detect the fraud whenever she laid claim to titles that were not hers?

It was not easy because of the manner in which the woman made her entry into the circles she wished to exploit. She was frequently introduced under the wing of women and men of excellent social standing and the victims might well be pardoned for being caught off their guard by a woman who had such irreproachable sponsors.

According to her own story Mary had no difficulty in securing introductions. The people she approached took her at her own valuation, and accepted her family tree as correct. It is true some of them asked for fees for the privilege of introducing this "titled dame," and as such introductions were necessary for the life she was following, the woman gladly paid and recouped herself among the friends to whom she was introduced.

Not content with making it easy for the woman swindler to enter first-class circles, these people accepted fees which she offered them in return for other kinds of help, such as the supplying of letters of introduction to tradespeople up and down the country.

Armed with these letters Mary experienced little difficulty in obtaining goods such as fur coats, jewellery, etc.

One of her most successful runs of "luck" occurred two years ago when she lived in luxury at a West End hotel and secured goods to the value of many hundreds of pounds, some of which she converted into cash. For this coup she relied on the introduction given her by a young nobleman to whom she managed to attach herself in spite of the fact that she was old enough to be his mother.

In another instance the introduction came through a noblewoman in straitened circumstances who took Lady Ursula under her wing in return for a payment in cash and kind, the payment being made out of the proceeds of a number of swindles "Lady Ursula" had carried through in the provinces with the aid of a letter of introduction she had wheedled out of an elderly man-about-town who believed all the lady had told him.

Whether it was for gain or for other less material considerations, there is little doubt that these highly placed persons were the dupes of the daring swindler, for without their aid she could not have been successful.

Such people who make it a practice to introduce strangers into decent society should take the precaution of making inquiries into the antecedents of their "clients." Unless they do so such swindlers will continue to thrive at the expense of unsuspecting friends and tradesmen.

The Wicked Woman's Latest Exploits

The Woman who Boasts of Police Protection

LONDON'S most barefaced trafficker in vice, Queenie Gerald, whose vile depravity we recently exposed, is still at large. The police have not even attempted to arrest her and she has installed herself in a West End Hotel. In her rooms there, new orgies of debauchery are planned and carried out with astounding impudence and audacity.

DESPITE the fact that we placed the police in possession of the full facts of the immoral practices of Queenie Gerald, alias the Hon. Geraldine Queenie Gerald Gaynor, no attempt has been made to effect the arrest of this notorious harpy, or even to curb her activities.

What is the reason? Why is it that the most brazen caterer to profligacy in London has immunity from arrest?

Do the authorities know that the very woman they are sparing boasts to her friends and associates that she has members of the police force in her pay? Why do they not refute these charges?

Queenie Gerald is scared!

Our recent exposure of her activities, the accuracy of our description of the scenes of depravity which nightly enlivened the visitors to her abode of love in Maddox Street, gave her such a shock that she fled from the flat in Long Acre where she lived, and sought refuge at Bellomo's Hotel, 102, Jermyn Street, W.

She cannot understand how we got possession of the amazing facts which we published, and she is afraid that we will go further into the matter.

Her fears are quite justified. We have no intention of allowing this "Queen of Vice" to continue to exploit young girls by inducing them to indulge in base mal-

practices to satisfy the perverted cravings of degenerate peers and elderly satyrs.

Queenie has sworn revenge on the people who gave her away, and one of her tools is at present trying to track these people.

This tool is known to us by name and occupation. He is a clerk employed by a well-known West End firm of solicitors, and he has been an intimate of this shameless woman for years.

He frequented the Maddox Street den of infamy and met Queenie Gerald nearly every night at an address in West Halkin Street.

It is a fact, too, that certain police officers were in the habit of meeting her at these addresses.

In the seclusion of her rooms at Bellomo's Hotel, Queenie is as audacious as ever, and has apparently no intention of putting an end to her debauchery.

A few evenings ago she had a little "party of friends." It was really one of her usual parties, and took the form of an orgy witnessed by affluent wine-soaked profligates.

The central figure of the orgy was a girl who received £5 as the price of her shame.

The utmost precautions were taken to keep the affair secret. The girl was warned not to leave the hotel by the front entrance. Instead she crept out by a back door into a little street, a cul-de-sac named Appletree Yard.

What frightful experience she had undergone, at Queenie's behest, to "amuse" the jaded degenerates who were present, can be imagined from the fact that this girl of the streets was actually *ashamed and disgusted*.

This hotel in Jermyn Street is managed by an Italian named Lungi.

Queenie's rooms are on the second floor, and she has given instructions that no one is allowed in until she is satisfied as to who they are. One of the most nauseating features of the blatancy of this creature is the fact that the interior of her rooms is literally smothered in lilies—the symbol of purity.

It is absurd for Scotland Yard to declare that they have had no complaints about Queenie Gerald. Marlborough Street Police Station has been inundated with them.

Here is the story of a complaint which was futile:—

The son of a very wealthy man was in possession of a necklace of great value. He showed it to Queenie Gerald, thinking he could persuade her to buy it.

Instead she introduced him to a jeweller friend, who arranged for it to be sold at Hatton Garden and the proceeds divided. Never does the dissolute Mrs. Gaynor lose sight of her vile objective. Note the sequel!

With the balance of the money, the youth indulged in a paroxysm

of immorality with a woman who shared the Maddox Street flat. She was, in fact, the unfortunate creature to whom we referred in a previous article as having ultimately quarrelled with the "Wicked Woman of Mayfair," because the latter induced her to submit to the disgusting depravity of a certain titled Irishman.

When the young reprobate came to his senses he declared that during the night several of his bank notes had disappeared from his pocket book.

After a violent argument with Queenie Gerald, he went to Marlborough Street Police Station in a fury and made a complaint.

Two detectives accompanied him to the Maddox Street flat, but Queenie, with her usual brazen audacity, denied all knowledge of the affair, but admitted that she had received a certain sum of money from the young man for the use of her flat.

If Queenie Gerald avoids crime it is by a hair's-breadth, and in any case her immoralities are such as to justify drastic police action.

Is this woman actually telling the truth when she boasts that she is "protected"? What has the Home Office to say about the matter? Will the long-delayed action be taken, or is this shameless auctioneer of souls to be allowed to continue her despicable trafficking?

THE OLD FOLK'S CHRISTMAS

Darby and Joan Evicted from Home

JUST as Christmas is approaching, two poor old people, one of whom is quite incapacitated, while the other is only just recovering from a broken leg, have been turned into the streets of London, deprived at once of their means of livelihood and their shelter in their old age.

Nearly nine years ago, with money carefully saved against a rainy day, Mrs. Priscilla Hendrie, who is now nearly sixty-three years of age, opened a small tobacconist's shop at 94, Clifton Street, Shore-ditch. Her husband, who is now seventy-three, had become partly paralysed.

Her cheerful disposition soon secured the return of the casual customers who at first visited the shop, and she was able to work the business up to a point at which it paid the weekly rent and left enough to provide necessities.

They lived in peaceful contentment until a few months ago, when the landlord sold the premises to someone who had seen in the corner site an admirable position for the purposes of a motor garage,

and they received notice to quit. This was a terrible blow to the old people, who found themselves faced with a difficult problem. The little business was their sole support, and suitable premises are not easy to find. They sought them where they could, and remained on meanwhile, comforting themselves with the fancied assurance that they would not be compelled to go until alternative accommodation had been found. And that indeed ought to have been the proceeding.

Then came disaster. A few weeks ago a floor-board in one of the back rooms collapsed under the old woman, and she broke her leg.

The result was that she had to be taken to hospital where she still remains.

Though they made every effort, these poor people were unable to find anywhere to go, and on December 14th the housebreakers commenced their work of demolition, and started to pull the house down and the old folk had to go.

Surely Darby and Joan might have been left in peace until after Christmas!

A SHADY CONCERN

Cuckoo Cox Thrown Out of the Nest

ANOTHER chapter has been written in the history of an undesirable financial character, and it is a pleasant one for the reader, if not for the hero of the yarn.

Mr. Ebenezer Cox has long been known as a company trickster of the worst type.

Of late he has been planning further raids on the pockets of the confiding small investor through the medium of the Western Counties Incorporated Trust, Ltd., which, of course, is but a pseudonym for himself.

Cox, or, as he now calls himself, Mr. E. S. Holman-Cox, has been ejected from his offices at Dacre House, Arundel Street, W.C., owing to the exposure of him and his company-mongering methods printed in these columns recently.

When we say "his" offices, we refer to the offices he called his own. He began by being lent a seat in them, but he never paid a penny for rent, for lighting, for firing or for the use of the telephone.

Nevertheless, he was steadily appropriating to himself all the best accommodation, until his

harassed hosts, on reading our remarks, hurled him out.

A curious circumstance is that Cox's company, the Western Counties Incorporated Trust, Ltd., is, or was, officially at home at Granville House, Arundel Street, but that appears to have been mainly an accommodation address.

We are now informed that Cox's new domain is St. Mary's Chambers, 161A, Strand, and this detail is freely given in case any of his acquaintances desire to find him.

Mr. A. Thornbury Powell, of 6, Colville Houses, Bayswater, who was a director of the Western Counties Incorporated Trust, Ltd., tells us that he at once resigned from the board on failing to obtain from Cox a satisfactory answer to the comments published in JOHN BULL, and Mr. G. F. Wallace, of 8, Guilford Place, W.C. 1, writes that he knows nothing of the company, having merely become a signatory to the articles of association to oblige a legal friend. This kind of "formality" is not a thing to be encouraged.

Somerset House might do worse than put a stop to it.

IN THE GRIP OF THE YELLOW FANGS

Chinese Secret Society of Dope, Debauchery and Death

IN a recent article on the dope menace, we dealt at length with the Continental depot of drug traffickers at Hamburg. This week we reveal the workings of a powerful secret society engaged in the distribution of dope in this country.

RECENT police court cases have opened the eyes of the public to the nefarious activities of the Asiatic colonies in different parts of the country, but it is doubtful whether the terrible significance of these prosecutions has been fully realised.

A number of Chinamen have been convicted of dealing in cocaine, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment to be followed by deportation. Such is the power wielded by their masters that they have not dared to disclose the secrets of the sinister organisation of which they are merely the servants, and the importation and distribution of drugs still continues practically unchecked.

The head and fount of the ghastly business is the fearful Chung Yee Tong, a Chinese secret society which holds all its members in such a grip of terror that they will meekly suffer fines, imprisonment, and banishment rather than divulge its secrets.

The fear of death is ever present with them, and the knowledge of the unmentionable tortures which await them if they betray their leaders seals their lips.

The headquarters of the Tong is in Limehouse Causeway, where a "Club" for its many members is situated. It has powerful branches in Cardiff, Liverpool and other seaports. Its wealth is incalculable, and its influence and activities penetrate into every quarter of the kingdom.

Wherever there are docks, the emissaries of the Tong will be found waiting for the carriers of dope as soon as the Excise officers have departed and the stuff can be handled without detection. They deliver it to one of the depots of the Tong, whence it is distributed through the agency of many "runners" to the dealers, who pass it on to the consumers in ways which we have previously explained.

The Tong is not only the chief distributor of cocaine, opium, and Indian hemp—known as hashish or bhang—but it runs innumerable dope dens where orgies of drugging and debauchery are indulged in nightly.

Whole streets in Chinatown are occupied by dens of infamy and degradation, frequented by white victims of dope and devotees of lust, as well as by Asiatics, all run by the Chung Yee Tong.

On one side of the Limehouse thoroughfare known as Pennyfields, there are at least six houses of this character, while on the other side there are five. In Limehouse Causeway itself there are no fewer than nine, all of which are run by the frightful Chung Yee Tong.

The worst of the lot, though they are all unspeakably degrading, is the one in Pennyfields, known particularly to the police, where white women mostly congregate.

Women of forty, past mistresses of the arts and horrors of drugs and debauchery, are present to initiate the neophytes into unmentionable practices which would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of a hardened libertine.

From 1 a.m. until 7 a.m. a constant stream of white girls may be seen entering and leaving this awful temple of depravity. They are first enslaved by cocaine, and then forced to participate in the unnatural vices of the Oriental beasts who have lured them to destruction, body and soul.

Similar orgies take place nightly at all the places we have mentioned. It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that opium smoking with its attendant atrocities of unbridled lust is confined to Chinatown. The sinks of iniquity to be found in the West End of London provide for indulgence in every kind of dope and de-

bauchery, and are patronised by dope victims and libertines of all classes.

Until the chief of the Tong is run to earth and its organisation broken up, London will never be completely cleansed of these plague spots.

Who is the head of the Chung Yee Tong, this hideous monster which has fastened its loathsome yellow fangs in the heart of London?

To most of the members he is simply a fearsome, shadowy figure who goes by the name of the Unknown. If they know who he actually is they live in too great a fear of his vengeance even to disclose his identity.

This much we have discovered. Until a few months ago the ostensible President of the Tong was an unspeakable scoundrel named Ng Yuen, who was living in Limehouse Causeway. He recently met his death by the pistol of an

assassin in Amsterdam. Though he was not the Unknown, he inspired such terror among the members that even now they tremble at the sound of his name, although he is dead.

Sui Fong, who was recently captured with Yong You and Long Chenk, two employees at the Chinese Restaurant off Regent Street, provided an instance of the secretive methods of the society. He gave the police an address in Poplar, and after being sworn in the Chinese fashion by the lighting and blowing out of a match, declared on oath that he had never possessed or sold cocaine before his arrest.

As a matter of fact this man lived at an address in Limehouse Causeway, and was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chung Yee Tong!

In sentencing him to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, to be followed by deportation, Mr. d'Eyncourt said he had come to the conclusion that Sui Fong was the ringleader and that the other two had acted under him. The Magistrate was near to the truth, yet far from it. Sui Fong will simply go abroad to act as an agent of the Tong.

One of the members of the executive of the society is Choy Get, who lives in Pennyfields.

Far more important, however, is Lum Chong, the treasurer of the Tong, who is known to all in Limehouse Causeway, where these dens of dope and vice are run behind the shops.

This man is constantly to be seen in different parts of London, and is a very active agent in the work of the Tong. He makes frequent journeys from London to Liverpool and other centres, and has largely taken the place of the murdered Ng Yuen in the councils of the secret society.

Many members of the Tong belong to a certain Chinese Club in Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road. This place is situated in the basement, and the police should give it their attention.

That the fear of death hanging over the members of the Tong if they should betray any of its secrets is not a mere figment of imagination was proved at Cardiff, when Yee Sing, the Chinaman who was found dead in bed with three white girls doped into insensibility, was said to have declared to a police officer that his life was forfeit and that his end was inevitable.

Day by day he waited for death, knowing he was powerless to resist the fate which had been decreed. Whether he was actually murdered or took his own life to escape from the continual dread of the sentence which had been passed upon him may never be known.

But one thing is certain. He was a victim of the Tong's vengeance!

THIS FREEDOM!

Just a Piece of Human Wreckage

WITHIN the dismal walls of Fulham Workhouse is an ex-soldier who is slowly dying. To see his ashen face and shrunken frame one would think that this defender of King and Country had suddenly stepped out of the grave instead of "being looked after" by a grateful government.

So much looked after is he that unless we stir the authorities to their sense of duty they will soon have another name on the peacetime "Roll of Honour."

Walter John Quy is 35 years of age, but he is so cowed in body and mind that he would pass for under twenty. He joined the Army in 1913 and was invalided home, wounded and gassed in 1915. The same year he was given his discharge on the grounds of "not being of further use for military service."

Now, if the man was no longer fit for the Army he certainly was not fit to take up ordinary civil occupation. But with a callousness unrivalled by any previous case brought to our knowledge, he was certified fit for work—though not for the Army.

This deprived him of a pension, and with a paltry gratuity of £55, he was cast back into society a physical wreck. Written on his Army record is the following: "Is a good and sober soldier and has served his country faithfully before her enemy."

Quy struggled hard to keep to some work, but owing to constant breakdowns it was impossible to hold a job for very long, and eventually he was compelled to go into the Windsor Infirmary, and in April, 1921, he was drafted to Fulham Infirmary.

The treatment he received in Fulham Infirmary lasted only three weeks, but that was sufficient time to let the authorities see that this weakminded, unprotected epileptic could be of some service in the workhouse, to which place he was sent.

Unfit for the Army, unfit for civil occupation, this piece of human wreckage is not certified unfit to do night duty in the wards of the workhouse.

Never receiving a halfpenny for his labours, and keeping a fit man out of a job to whom payment would have to be given, this "good and faithful soldier" is now allowed to breathe the air of freedom once a fortnight.

Little wonder that when he steps among the well-fed and well-dressed sections of the public he looks like a man out on parole from imprisonment for life.

The irony is that the Local War Pensions Committee actually investigated Quy's case over a year ago, and have done nothing beyond let the records get dust-laden on the shelves.

With cynical coldness they upheld the original decision of the Medical Board in spite of the fact that his wound trouble and poisoning were obviously the outcome of war service. The best explanation they can give is that Quy is entitled to make an appeal.

But if the Committee have any humanity left they will see to it that this victim of the war, this man broken in health and spirit, is given the medical attention and pension he deserves, and that the freedom he has helped to win will no longer be withheld by the slavish fetters of the workhouse.

THE SURVIVING LOVER

Blunders in the "Suicide Pact" Law
by ARNOLD BENNETT

ON the 6th of this month a married man, aged 22, charged with murder, was sentenced to death, sitting. The judge had to let him sit because he had no legs. He had lost his legs in an attempt to commit suicide under a train.

He made the attempt in company with a girl of 15, his mistress and an expectant mother. (The expectant mother succeeded.)

The law is that if two people agree to commit suicide together and one fails, the bungler is guilty of the murder of the other. The law is doubtless in logical harmony with the general law which governs the act of killing in this country.

But there are considerations beyond logic, and the law relating to "suicide pacts" is both monstrous and absurd.

SUICIDE pacts are rare. Obviously they are made only by people who are in the very extremity of disaster and mental agony. Obviously the "extenuating circumstances" are tremendous. . . . One of the pair may survive. Think of the frightful ordeal through which he has passed! They take him by the legs (if he has any) and solemnly try him and condemn him, and let the judge sentence him—black cap, "You are to be hanged by the neck till you are dead," and all!

THE mummery is hideous. For of course it is mummery. The man above mentioned will not be hanged. Neither the present nor any other Home Secretary would dare to permit him to be hanged. He may be reprieved before these

The Titled Amateur

With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling's
"Widow of Windsor."

Look out for the films of Diana,
'Er title is sure to attract,
When you've got a big name it's a pretty soft game.

There's no room for the folk who just act.
(Poor beggars!—those folk who just act.)
Hands off while Society's served now,
Hands off, you who live by the art,
You ought to be proud to make one of the crowd
When a peer of the realm has a part.
(Poor beggars! you won't get no part.)

Then here's to the fashion she's setting
From Belgravia to Mayfair's extreme.
You must give up your place with a pretty good grace.
While Society's letting off steam.
(Poor beggars! They must let off steam.)

We've 'eard of the Lady Diana,
'Oo can't let the Movies alone,
But we've far more to dread if the fashion should spread,
We can just hear the "regulars" groan.
(Poor beggars! And won't they just groan.)
'Eaven 'elp the long-suffering public,
For they ain't seen the worst of it yet.
Why 'twill next be proposed that the House should be closed
'Cos the members are out on a set.

Then 'ere's to the regular players,
The stars as they always 'ave been,
'Ere's all that's desired, and if they get fired.
A speedy return to the screen.
(Yes, a speedy return to the screen.)

E. R. BENNETT.

lines are published. But he ought never to have been tried on the capital charge. The Crown probably proceeded with the charge because the man was an adulterer tampering with his employer's daughter. How odd! How characteristic! Murder cannot be adulterous, nor does death distinguish between employers and employed.

IN another case, at Lincoln, in October last, where the survivor of a suicide pact, a girl of 19, was charged with the murder of her friend, the Crown showed more sense. It offered no evidence at the trial, and the tragic girl got off with a month for attempted suicide.

But in still another case (Work-sop, in July) the Crown persisted in the murder charge against a very ill, poor, middle-aged, broken man, who had survived a suicide pact made with his sister, a middle-aged woman dependent on him. They went out together at night to get drowned. Happily the jury refused to convict.

AT Lincoln Assizes the judge suggested that the law about suicide pacts might well be revised. He said that to pass sentence of death in such cases was "to say the least undesirable." Well, he did not exaggerate.

SAINTS and SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People
by HESKETH PEARSON

THE Ilford murder case has again raised the very important question of newspaper influence on a verdict. It was practically impossible for the jury, and indeed for the judge, to be wholly unaffected by the sensational atmosphere created by the daily press. And there can be little doubt that the two victims were condemned to death long before their trial at the Old Bailey.

From the word "go" they were sacrificed on the altar of Increased Circulation. The fact that the judge exhorted the jury not to be influenced by the sensation-mongers inside and outside the Court, was almost a confession that the influence had extended to himself.

AND Mr. Justice Shearman is not the sort of man who can be easily influenced. He is a quiet, methodical, reasonable person, with not too much sense of his own importance. Perhaps for the very reason that he is a dry, humdrum, unexcitable, suburban individual, he is the last man in the world to conduct a murder case. For though a judge's business is to administer the law, unless he is superhuman his own feelings are bound to colour his summing-up—and how can a judge like this regard a murderer except



Mr. JUSTICE SHEARMAN.

with a feeling of violent antagonism?

As a consequence, we find that Mr. Justice Shearman seldom sums up a case without warning the jury to discountenance the emotional aspect of affairs—that is, the only aspect that makes the behaviour of the prisoner comprehensible. Also he sometimes takes a leaf out of the Darling - Horridge book and delivers a series of moral platitudes for the jury's guidance.

Nothing will ever cure our justices of this vile tendency to preach until their juries take the matter in hand and steadfastly refuse to be influenced by a bewigged gentleman's personal opinions.

BUT it would be a mistake to imagine Mr. Justice Shearman another Darling or Horridge. He is neither heartless enough to crack jokes at a prisoner's expense, nor prig enough to sermonise over someone's misfortune. Besides, even when he does put on the ridiculous airs of a public dispenser of morals, he strives to do his duty by constantly warning the jury that they must think everything over for themselves.

The observance of this dual character of law-administrator and ethical-adviser was illustrated rather curiously the other day when, after telling a jury that they alone must decide as to the sanity of a criminal, he went on to remark that the law would be set at naught if people who committed assaults were excused on the ground that they were mentally abnormal at the time!

BUT whatever little faults he may possess Mr. Justice Shearman cannot be accused of being unimaginative. Moreover, he is full of sympathy for his fellow-beings, and a more kind-hearted, chivalrous or retiring man it would be difficult to find in our Courts of Justice.

He can always be depended upon to expound the letter of the law with the utmost efficiency, and to temper justice with mercy when it is called for.

I would far rather be judged by him than by any of your professional clowns and Pharisees.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



The Aliens' Act we must maintain
In sheer self-preservation,
Or Fritz will start his game again
Of "peaceful penetration."



We know he's been "at sea" for years,
And so we understand
Why David now so keen appears
To get "Back to the Land."



The debts to us we must forego
Just as a friendly token—
But we must pay our own, altho'
We're almost atony-broken.



Our M.P.s with their two months' leave,
May well be over-joyed,
For they, of course, full pay receive,
Altho' they're unemployed.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I hope for a few days at least you are getting that tranquillity you talked about. But you won't enjoy it for long, I fear. Though you are essentially a business man, you have chosen to surround yourself with a crowd of dukes and peers of less degree, who may look very nice at a Coronation, but whose training for the most part has in no way fitted them for the duties you have entrusted to them. They may rise to the occasion, but, as I believe they say in your part of the world, "I hae ma doots!" However, good luck to you!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir JAMES M. BARRIE, Bart., LL.D.,
The Athenaeum, S.W.

DEAR BRUTUS,—If it is true that Charles Dickens made the English Christmas as we know it, it is certainly you who embody to-day the ingredients of the Christmas spirit. Father of fairies, lover of children, arch-sentimentalist in an age of materialism, you are yet one of the very few writers of our time who will hand their names forward to posterity. It is nearly twenty years since you created Peter Pan, and a second generation of children now rejoices in your eternal boyishness. May you live to see a third generation carry on the tradition.

JOHN BULL.

To H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.,
St. James's Palace, S.W.

SIR,—With dutiful homage I wish you a very happy Christmas. When I raise my glass to Your Royal Highness's good health this time next year, I earnestly hope that I may be privileged to couple in the toast the name of your British-born consort.

JOHN BULL.

To RAMSAY MACDONALD, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—As leader of the Opposition you've got a difficult post, but during your first session you have filled it with tact and skill, proving once and for all that the voice of Labour in the national Council is not only a voice that must be heard, but a voice that can be heard by all sections and parties with pleasure and profit. Some of the wild men have given you trouble, but they will come to heel in time and realise that some at least of the strength of Labour lies in its dignity.

JOHN BULL.

To M. LENIN,
Petrograd.

SIR,—I believe you have abolished Christmas in Russia. I regret that up to now attempts to abolish you have not been equally successful. But your reign will soon be over, and, as the evil genius of your generation, history will always hold you up to loathing.

JOHN BULL.

To PRESIDENT HARDING,
U.S.A.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—A learned professor from your side of the herring pond has discovered that England and the United States are seven inches farther apart than they were this time last year. I wish he had found we were seven inches nearer to each other. I believe both you and I really want to come nearer, but it's no good unless we both try, and as long as a section of your Press treats me with vitriolic abuse, as long as your cranks and faddists come over here preaching prohibition, Mormonism, and other freak institutions which are foreign to our instincts, I am afraid that our common origin and common speech will be an impediment rather than a help to our friendship.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL,
Algiers.

MY DEAR WINSTON,—Hats being your speciality I picture you having a good time this Christmas trying on the contents of the crackers for the amusement of the new baby. But your political future must be causing you a certain amount of uneasiness just now. It's all very well to be "the floating kidney in the body politic," as a wit once called you, but it adds to the uncertainty of your position after the General Election, doesn't it? Probably the worst turn Lloyd George has done you was giving you the job of writing that warlike manifesto to the Turks. Hard luck!

JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. W. R. INGE, D.D., C.V.O.,
The Deanery, St. Paul's, E.C.

DEAR MR. DEAN,—I don't know whether it is in order to wish you a Merry Christmas, but I'll risk it. It's setting you a difficult task to ask you to look on the bright side of things, but might you not take a lesson in philosophy from your own cathedral? A short time ago it was badly cracked and in danger of toppling over, but reconstructive skill has restored it to safety again. The World, according to you, was in a similar plight, but I live in the hope that we shall be able to prop it up.

JOHN BULL.

To GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, Esq.,
10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

DEAR G.B.S.,—As you are a vegetarian, the Roast Beef of Old England won't find a place on your sideboard this Christmas, but I'd like to think you were enjoying yourself all the same. Your chief delight, however, is to get up on your hind legs and tilt at our most cherished institutions, and I can't allow you to tilt at Christmas, so your happiness will not be complete. But in Santa Claus you will at least have the consolation of a brother Beaver.

JOHN BULL.

To Monsieur POINCARÉ,
Paris.

MONSIEUR,—With affection born of our ever-famous companionship in arms I send you my Christmas greetings. We have had our differences—what true friends have not? But with fundamental goodwill and affectionate sympathy these passing differences compose themselves. May our friendship, which means so much for civilisation, survive for the benefit of unborn generations.

JOHN BULL.

To FATHER CHRISTMAS.

VENERABLE BEAVER,—Your mellowing influence is always welcome, and it is a thousand pities that it doesn't last a bit longer. Still, for the time being we are all under your spell, and, as you see, even my sharp-pointed pen has accommodated itself to your broad good-nature, just for once! The children love you, and even into the dark shadows of slumland you send a ray of gladness.

JOHN BULL.

WHAT HOPE FOR THE KID?



HE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL HE GET'S IT!

(Father Government and Uncles Bureaucrat, and Trades Union—like most Fathers and Uncles this week—are playing with Young Worker's Engine.)

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

WITH all our heart we wish our readers the old, old wish—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. But prayer is not prophecy, and to hope for the best is not always to achieve it. So often have we been disappointed, our hopes raised only to be dashed, our bravest efforts foiled. Nevertheless, as the

A Merry Christmas!

Christmas bells ring out we take heart of courage. Beneath the holly and the mistletoe the pessimist is silent. The festival of Yuletide is one of eternal youth, of mirth and gladness, of faith and hope.

Nor are we without solid grounds for confidence in the future. The worst of the War's grim aftermath, we may hope, is over, and with common sense as our guide in national affairs events should soon be marching to a gayer tune. The new Government is addressing itself in earnest to the problem of unemployment, and although for many thousands of our people there will be scanty cheer this Christmas, we may have confidence that by the turn of the season the outlook will be vastly improved.

The greatest need of all is an access of Peace and Goodwill, a determination to avoid war both at home and abroad, the internecine strife of Capital and Labour no less than the clash of armed nations. We need to learn anew the great human principles of the Faith we celebrate at Christmastide, that no man can live to himself alone, that none can hurt another without injury to himself, that the way of sacrifice is the way of salvation.

For when all is said, Christmas to the English-speaking race is something more than a pagan carnival. The dogmas of the Church may leave us cold, the legend of Bethlehem may have lost its charm, yet at Christmas we pay homage to truths which cannot be prisoned within the confines of a creed. We must not trust everything to the actions of Governments or the conferences of statesmen. The best hope for the world lies in the growth of the Christian spirit of fellowship and harmony, of simple kindness and good cheer.

THE law of England in regard to murder needs revision. It has come down to us from early days when the criminal code was full of the vilest atrocities. It makes no distinction between vicious cold-blooded murder and the fatal blow struck in the heat of passion or the frenzy of fear.

The Crime of Murder

Concerning the case of Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters we have little to say. There is the likelihood of a reprieve, to say nothing of the Court of Appeal. If either deserves hanging it is the woman, and if in these days of vaunted sex equality we cannot hang a woman, then just as certainly we cannot hang Bywaters, whose fate has excited a large measure of public sympathy.

But the need for a revision of the law of murder does not hang upon this much advertised case. At the Old Bailey the same week two other women were sentenced to death, although everyone in Court, including Judge and jury, must have known that the

sentence would not be carried out. Constantly the same thing happens in the case of mothers convicted of the murder of their newborn babes. It is time this ghastly farce was ended, and we trust that the valuable Bill on the subject introduced last session will be brought forward again in the House of Commons.

The present usage in these cases is uncivilised. We have given up the thumbscrew and the rack merely in order to substitute more refined forms of torture, none the less cruel because they operate only upon the mind. No doubt all the women now under sentence of death will be reprieved. But why should this solemn issue of life and death rest upon its present shifty and uncertain footing?

In our view it is in the last degree absurd that the prerogative of mercy should rest not with the judge who tries the case, or with the jury which finds the verdict, but with a politician who by the accident of party favour happens to be Home Secretary.

The time will come when the public will demand that murders shall be graded, so that punishments less terrible than death, though still stern and sure, may be inflicted in cases where a respite of the supreme penalty is justified. It is an outrage that a judge should be compelled thus to mutter the accents of doom over the head of a human creature whom it would be murder to hang.

IF the medical profession has its way, tonsils will soon be an extinct feature of the human anatomy. Indeed, the craze to "lug them out," as the naïve schoolboy phrase goes, has already spread to a most alarming extent.

Cut-throat Clinics

Usually, we believe, the operation is a joint one, directed to the removal of certain growths called adenoids, together with the more regular fittings of the human throat.

If parents are fairly well-to-do there is nothing very distressing about the operation for tonsils and adenoids. The removal is carried out to the accompaniment of skilled nursing and with every care to avoid unnecessary shock.

Not so among the poor. At the hospitals and clinics where this operation is conducted on the wholesale scale the conditions as observed by eye-witnesses are indescribable. In one leading institution the flay on which outpatients attend with their children for the removal of tonsils and adenoids is known as "Bloody Monday." Inevitably the cases have to be scrambled through in such a fashion that no care whatever can be taken to spare the feelings of the children or to obviate the risks that result from hastily performed surgery.

There might be no help for this if it could be proved beyond question that a tithe of these operations were necessary. As it happens, this is a point upon which there is acute controversy in the ranks of the medical profession, and several eminent surgeons are entirely opposed to these cut-throat methods.

In these circumstances we would strongly urge upon the L.C.C. and other municipal bodies that the present craze for the surgical treatment of tonsils and adenoids has already far outrun the limits of science and common sense.

WE have with us still the academic type of politician who sadly declares that "Germany cannot pay." We do not believe it. The contrary argument is too powerful.

The German nation is in the position of an insolvent debtor who throws himself upon the mercy of the Bankruptcy Court. The poor fellow, we are told, deserves our pity. That he should be asked to make full payment of his just debts is unthinkable. Only a month or two ago he paid cash for a new motor-car, a handsome suite of furniture, and a dozen ballroom dresses for his charming wife. That in addition he should be expected to satisfy his credit obligations is really too much.

This, surely, is a precise analogy to the position of Germany, who finds herself unable to meet the Allied demand for reparations. The German Government, we are blandly assured, would be only too ready to restore the devastated provinces of France, to compensate the victims of air-raids and coastal attacks in Great Britain, to pay her full share of the wanton damage caused by the war, if it were not for the fact that this same German Government has had to subsidise its shipping industry to the tune of £45,000,000, to spend further vast sums upon the endowment of scientific research easily adaptable to the uses of war, and a trifle of £11,500,000 in the impossible effort to stabilise the rate of exchange.

The moral of all this eye-wash is surely evident. If ever we are to get anything out of Germany we shall have to take it and not expect her to give it to us. The first task of the Allies is to stop the printing presses in Berlin with their prodigal outflow of paper money. Also we see no reason why an export duty should not be collected upon German merchandise sent abroad.

We have a just claim upon Germany firmly rooted in the sorrows and sacrifices of the war. It should either be enforced or cancelled outright.

IF Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had been alive to-day he would have seized the opportunity to unfurl once again the flag of Imperial Preference. No doubt he would have been met with the alarmist cry of Protection, but the protest would have lost much of its sting. For one thing, we aren't quite so hostile to the idea

Empire Trade

of Protection as we were before we felt the point of an alien sword in our vitals, and for another, Free Trade within the far-flung bounds of the British Empire is seen to be an ideal worth energetic pursuit.

We look less and less to Russia and Germany or even to the United States of America for commercial profit, and more and more to those rich territories which own the Imperial sway. Great things are hoped from the Inter-Imperial Economic Conference which Mr. Bonar Law has sworn to summon. It may be worth a little sacrifice of dry-as-dust economics to weld the scattered British Dominions into a commonwealth of trade.

by
HAROLD OWEN

Looking at the world to-day, it is difficult to find arguments against the Channel Tunnel. For one thing, aviation has changed the whole problem. Sentiment used to ask: "Why fly in the face of Providence which made us an island?" But we do now literally "fly" in the face of Providence; and when the "obstacle that Providence placed for our protection" can be ignored in a ten minutes' flight, the last prejudice and sentiment of our "insular" position has gone.

Look at the knaveries of politics, look at the scoundrelism of finance, look at the revelations of the Divorce Court, look where you will—everywhere selfishness, avarice, greed, and the hot breath of the lower passions. And Mr. Scrooge buttons up his coat and hardens his heart. If it is the law of the jungle we live under he will not be behind-

IT is not a cheerless message that Christmas brings. The spirit of the season does not come in sad garments and wearing a sad countenance. It comes with sounds of mirth and with hands full. It brings plenty of good tidings. It does not ask Mr. Scrooge

THE Editor does not necessarily share the views expressed in any article of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication in this newspaper the recognised platform for the free discussion



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But this kind of common sense is our disadvantage here is small and presence deeper make u

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RY MESSAGE

G. GARDINER

is with us. It calls us out of the wilderness of
wandered and lost our way, into the pleasant
d-fellowship. Let us follow the call. Let us
rooge within us and turn that gloomy gentle-
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CHARLES DICKENS

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ily share the views expressed on this page, but considers them
importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this
for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

to wear sackcloth and
ashes. It asks him to
be merry. It asks him
to put away his loneli-
ness, his loneliness of
mind, his loneliness of
heart, and come out into
the joyous common vim
of life, and find that
though we may pile up
riches for ourselves we
can only enjoy them
with the help of others.

That is the splendid
invitation which comes
to us all at this season.
In the family we gather
round the hearth in happy
unity, young and old,
the prosperous and the
unprosperous, the fortune-
ate and the unfortunate.
Some look forward with
hope to the untravelled
world and some look

backward with regret, and perhaps with
thanksgiving, over the travelled path,
remembering other days and recalling
vanished faces and snatches of old songs
that once were sung.

BUT whatever the differences of circum-
stance and fortune, all disappear in
this kindly atmosphere of common joys and
common memories. Perhaps we have had
our disagreements and our quarrels, but
here is the hour of reconciliation. How
small and paltry these quarrels seem in the
presence of this recovered sense of the
deeper bonds that link us together and
make us one.

Take Christmas and all it means out of the
family life and what a feeling of desolation
would be left! How impoverished would be
the memories of childhood; how bleak and
lonely would be the passing old age. It was
worth coming into the world to discover the
spirit of Christmas alone. It would hardly
be worth coming into the world at all if
that spirit were banished from us.

It was not until Mr. Scrooge was touched
with the spirit of Christmas that he found
life worth living. Then he knew that he had

been a dweller in a cellar from which all the
light and beauty of things had been shut out.

But it is not to the family only that
Christmas speaks. Its "good tidings of
comfort and joy" are addressed to a wider
audience. They come to remind us that the
gospel of good fellowship has no limits within
the human family. It is sometimes said
that Christianity has failed. If that is true
it is true only for the reason that
Christianity has never been tried.

PERHAPS it never will be tried. Perhaps
the human family will run its course to
the end of time without seizing that ideal and
making it the pattern of its life. Who shall
say? But at least don't let us put the blame
on Christianity. Let us put the blame
where it belongs—upon ourselves.

But if ever Christianity is to be tried,
it will be through the appeal of its most
humane and homely gospel—the gospel of
peace and good will. I think that without
becoming angels we may in time become
Christians through the spirit of Christmas.
We may do it in spite of our infirmities.
We may do it to save our bodies if not to
save our souls.

FOR the fact that shouts itself black in the
face to us in these times is that human
society can only live under the sanctions of
Christmas. If the world will not live in good
fellowship it will cease to live at all in any
civilised sense. It has tried the other way for
wellnigh ten years, and it is far on the road to
ruin. It has taken hate and all the seven
devils for its gospel, and it has left the earth
peopled with Scrooges—German Scrooges,
English Scrooges, French Scrooges, Turkish
Scrooges—all scowling at one another, all
engaged in bleeding one another white, all
unhappy and all perishing.

Unless the spirit of Christmas descends
on the nations, and descends on them soon,
their doom will be sealed. And the historian
who tell some future, and, let us hope, happier
people, the story of how the great white
European civilisation collapsed and passed
away, will not say that it was Christianity
that failed, but that it was the rejection
of the practical, businesslike message of
Christmas that brought the nations to the
dust.

THERE is yet time if we will hearken to
the voice that speaks to us to-day. It
is a kindly voice, and it does not demand of
men a hard thing. The spirit of Christmas
is with us. It calls us out of the wilderness
of hate in which we have wandered and lost
our way, into the pleasant pastures of peace
and good-fellowship.

Let us follow the call. Let us change the
heart of Mr. Scrooge within us and turn
that gloomy gentleman's face to the light.

TRAGEDIES OF MARRIAGE

by

MRS. H. A. L. FISHER

IN the choice of one's mate lies the secret
of contentment.

Every day our attention is attracted
to dozens of cases in which a wrong choice
resulted in a rupture so great that the aid
of the law had to be sought. That is why
our divorce courts are full. That is why from
time to time we are thrilled and horrified
by the sordid details of a trial for murder.

The tragedy which has shattered the life of
Mrs. Edith Thompson, sentenced to death
for the murder of her husband, is really the
outcome of the terrible mistake she made in
choosing for her life-mate a man whom she
did not truly love.

The world is full of such tragedies.
And nearly every one of them is the
result of the parties involved entering
upon their life together at the wrong age.
It is a well-known fact that youthful im-
petuous marriages invariably lead to the
divorce court.

On the other hand, if marriage is delayed
too long, the necessary adjustments become
difficult. Man and woman alike have become
accustomed to their own ways of life, have
formed their own habits.

Young people lack experience, they are
hasty and careless, and the children may
suffer. But on the other hand older people
tend to be over-anxious, and too much fuss
is as bad for children as too little.

Looking at marriage from the point of
view not only of the happiness of the two
people concerned, but from the infinitely im-
portant point of view of the future of the
race, most people would probably agree that
it should not be unduly postponed. If the
children come while the parents are still
young, there is the best chance of providing
them with a good education, for the father
will still be at the height of his earning
powers during the years of their dependence.
The mother may lack experience, but if she
has sense and character she can obtain the
experience from health visitors and welfare
centres. Few mothers now are far from
such help.

Perhaps the ideal age for the woman is
somewhere in the early twenties, say twenty-
four. She has by that time seen something
of life, she should be capable of making a
wise choice, while she will not be too inelastic
in her views. She is mature and physically
fit for motherhood. She will be old enough
to think wisely for her children, not too old
to romp and play with them.

One of the troubles of our present world
is that it is so difficult for those in the
professional classes to marry at a reasonable
age.

The man must wait until he has established
himself financially, but he should not wait
too long. Ideally, he should wed when about
twenty-eight years old. At that age his
choice ought to be sound and sensible and
his prospects of happiness very bright.



Mrs. Thompson - the Truth

The Vampire in the Ilford Triangle Tragedy

WHETHER Edith Thompson ought to be hanged is not for us to say. We have little sympathy for her; she has proved herself a daring and unscrupulous woman who wielded an irresistible power over young Bywaters. In all that has been written about her remarkable life, however, her intimate associations with her husband have never been clearly brought out. From these alone—and we reveal them here—can the true character of the condemned woman be defined.

THE Ilford murder has very properly sent a thrill of horror throughout Great Britain. We are not accustomed to these crimes which are known to the French as *le grande passion*, and there is very little public sympathy for the man and the woman who conspired to kill Percy Thompson on that dark, fateful night at Ilford as he was returning from the theatre with his wife.

Born and bred in London, Edith Thompson was one of those girls who grew up determined to make the very best of what life had to offer.

She met her future husband when he was in the Army, at a dance in London, and, attracted possibly by the uniform of the London Scottish, engaged herself to him, although even then he always made her unhappy. But the spirit of conquest, the instinctive desire to hold sway over men was so strong in her that she persisted in her association with him.

Thompson was invalided out early in January, 1916, and the couple were married a week or two later. They did not have a great deal of money, and it was agreed that Mrs. Thompson should continue with her work as accountant to the firm of milliners in Aldersgate Street where she had been for so many years. The Thompsons took lodgings at Westcliff, but moved away from there not long afterwards because of the air raids.

Percy Thompson, who was supposed to have a weak heart, said that the air raids made him feel so bad that he was afraid to move out of the house. Mrs. Thompson used to laugh at her husband at first, but after a time grew tired of his whining and grumbling, and thus started the quarrelling which ultimately precipitated the tragedy on the night of October 3.

Thompson went back to work with the firm which had employed him since he was a boy, but he was never satisfied, and was always trying to induce his wife to get Messrs. Carlton & Prior—where she was engaged—to take him into their employ as a traveller. Mrs. Thompson refused to have anything to do with the matter, and this widened the breach between them.

It is strange that no one who

knew Percy Thompson seems to have liked him. He and his young wife moved about from one lodging to another from time to time, leading a cat-and-dog life which almost invariably resulted in their being requested to leave their rooms.

Thompson resented the fact that his wife earned more money than he. He also disliked her habit of continually buying new clothes. Money was an obsession with him.

He himself was hardly more than a lodger to his wife. He paid her 30s. a week for his keep, and kept the remainder of his money.

Was it any wonder, therefore, that when young Freddie Bywaters, the good-looking boy whom Mrs. Thompson had known since girlhood days, grew up and began to understand the unhappy life his old friend Edith was leading, he should be drawn to her by that sympathy which is so dangerous.

Mrs. Thompson led him on. He was only a boy, every one knows that. She was a woman of the world, of wide experience in dealing with men, and she had no scruple whatever in making use of the feminine arts.

She encouraged Bywaters to visit her, and played upon the spark of his sympathy for her until she had fanned it into the hot flame of passion. Moreover, Edith Thompson, is one of those women whose moral instincts are utterly subservient to her sexual desires, and her strength of character was used only to enable her to indulge them without any twinge of conscience.

She lured Bywaters to his destruction as cunningly, as completely and with as much abandon as Cleopatra lured Anthony. And in spite of her abhorrence of the social ostracism to which an elopement with her boy lover would condemn her, she could not refrain from giving herself the satisfaction of taunting her husband with the suggestion that other men, and particularly Bywaters, desired her.

In consequence of this, violent rows between husband and wife were an almost nightly occurrence. So bad was the noise of the squabbling that even Thompson's brother-in-law made them leave his house in Ilford, where they were staying for a time.

Thompson would knock his wife about, and she was not slow to retaliate in kind. Of the two, she possessed the greater courage, the fierceness of a tigress.

All this tended to make this determined, strong-willed woman hate her husband. It made her

long to get rid of him, and she was not the sort of person to desire anything for long, without making a determined effort to get it. When in addition to this hatred one considers her unscrupulous nature, the hot, fierce passion of the boy she had enslaved, and her burning desire for him, one is not altogether surprised that murder, cold, brutal and calculated, should suggest itself to her.

It is being asked that if Mrs. Thompson was so madly in love with young Bywaters, then why did she not go away with him? That he loved her equally passionately is proved by the fact alone that he kept the fatal letters which she wrote him and which practically condemned them. If the letters had been destroyed probably Bywaters might be serving a term for manslaughter and Mrs. Thompson would be free.

But the woman had reasons for not eloping, and, slight as they may seem, to her they were very good ones.

The house in Kensington Gardens, Ilford, where the couple lived at the time of the tragedy, was bought with Mrs. Thompson's money. She



had got together some very good furniture and linen, and naturally did not desire to lose it all. Nor was she anxious to lose her position with Messrs. Carlton & Prior.

Bywaters knew all about the trouble between Thompson and his wife when quite a boy. He grew up to manhood, his whole soul inflamed with hate against the man who had taken away the girl he had known and adored ever since the days of his childhood. His hatred was stimulated constantly and cunningly by the passionate pleadings and complaints of this creature of unbridled desire.

There is no doubt, however, that Mrs. Thompson has some slight cause for complaint, though actually nothing to justify even the contemplation of the terrible crime which she engineered. She had suffered ill-treatment from her husband for the better part of six years. At the house in Kensington Gardens, Ilford, the neighbours could hear the pair quarrelling into the small hours of the morning, often punctuated by a crash as the husband threw his wife across the room.

Naturally, at first thought one would incline to sympathise with a woman living under such conditions as did Mrs. Thompson, but those who know her intimately, were well aware that every single one of these rifts in the matrimonial lute were created by the woman herself. Possibly, and it is a view strongly held by one time friends of the couple, she hoped that the persistent hurling of barbed taunts at her husband would goad him to give her just cause for leaving him, or would even drive him to desert her.

But if Edith Thompson was strong willed, unscrupulous and passionate, Percy Thompson was persistent, dour and obstinate to an equally marked extent. He was prepared to suffer her temper, her extravagance and her unfaithfulness even at the risk of his life.

To sum up the character of this unhappy creature, it is sufficient to say that she is of a type sometimes encountered amongst the highly intellectual classes, and was completely out of place in the humdrum life to which she had been accustomed.

Her whole being revolted against drudgery and poverty. She wanted her freedom, but she would never buy it by the sacrifice of her job and home. She refused to tie herself to another man whose earning capacity could not satisfy her expensive cravings. At the same time, she would not surrender the intense satisfaction which the mad infatuation of Bywaters gave her. She is a woman who would never have been satisfied for long with one man. Admiration, conquest and intrigue were the things she prized most.

Her nature was, in fact, in direct conflict with her husband's.

One cannot envy the problem of the Home Secretary in having to decide whether Mrs. Thompson is to die. It is a question in which the wisdom of Solomon might well be invoked.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

THERE were only three of us, my brother Jack and sister Sue. We lost our father when we were children, but God left us the dearest mother that ever lived. When I grew up I went to work in the mill. My brother was mad to go to sea. He got his wish and we were so proud of him. Sister Sue went as maid to the Hon.

Pardonable Deceit

Mrs. M—, and our dear mother was so happy that Jack and Sue were doing so well.

But, alas, one day a pal of Jack's met me coming home from the mill and told me Jack had stolen a lot of money on the ship, and that he had got a long sentence.

I could not tell my mother because she was ailing at the time, so I lied to her. I told her Jack had been ordered away to China.

During the time Jack was in prison I received a letter from Sue saying she was very ill in London. Once again I lied to my dear mother, because she was ill herself.

I went to London, and found the little sister that we all loved so had given birth to a baby boy, and that her days were few on this earth.

She passed away when baby was six days old, begging me to hide the truth from mother.

I wrote a letter to my mother prior to leaving London, asking in Sue's name if she would take a baby in to nurse, as a friend of hers had just died and left it. I overcame all poor mother's objections and the little mite entered our home, and we got to love it so.

It was just two years old when Jack came home, and that very day mother had a stroke; although she knew him, she could not speak a word, and she died smiling at him. He is now in America, and I am working for the boy who is nearly 14 years of age, and knows nothing of his birth, except that his mother and father are dead. I love him so, but I can't feel easy in my conscience knowing that I deceived mother. Did I do right?

Humanist says: *If you never have any worse worry than this, you'll go through life happily. If your story is true you did nobly. There are some acts of deceit which are most praiseworthy, and this is one of them.*

AT the age of 15 I enlisted in the Royal Marines as a Band-boy. When 18 years of age I was drafted with the band which accompanied Admiral Sir — to —. After

A Deserter's Distress

study at the Royal Naval School of Music, I was promoted Band Master at the age of 22 years. About this time I became acquainted with a French

lady of good family, and in the course of a year we were married.

In the service, holding the rank of Band-master, I could allow my wife but 24s. a week (this left me with 1s. 9d. per week). There was no prospect of promotion, for I was now but a name on a long list and had to await my "seniority." Some might say that my wife could have managed on that money—but she found it impossible!

Knowing that if I rejoined my ship my wife and babe's happiness (and even sustenance) would be jeopardised, I decided to desert. This I did in 1913. My plans were so well laid that when I had been on the Continent two weeks I secured a post in an orchestra which exceeded far my expectations.

We—the family now numbered four—were indeed happy and content, until the outbreak of the War.

I brought my family to England and joined

the East Surrey Regt. early in 1915. After my service—I attained commissioned rank—I was invalided in 1918 and commenced orchestral playing in England. Now I am offered a good position, but am at my wits' end!

I can be arrested at any time for being a deserter, and that would mean an end to my job and a finish to my home life.

Humanist says: *Unless you did something particularly disgraceful at the time of your desertion the authorities will not proceed against you—that fact was announced in the House. They have the power, but it will only be exercised in certain cases, which I understand are war-desertions under infamous circumstances.*

WHEN I met a young man and got married, I thought I was going to see the end of all my misery and hard life. I have now been married four years, and ever since the first two weeks life has been pure torture.

The Man Who Won't Work

My husband has never earned a penny since I first saw him.

I have to work very hard to keep a shelter over my head while he lies in bed, and I dare not speak to him or he would murder me.

Surely I cannot be forced to live with him. Some days I am almost ready to collapse from pure weakness through want of my food. There are times when I feel like going to the canal and ending it all.

Tell me, Humanist, is there a way out for me? Humanist says: *I frequently get this kind of letter, and the advice I invariably give to a woman so placed is to apply for a separation order. If he assaults you, lock him up.*

I AM 19 years old. My mother died two years ago leaving me in charge of the home. I could hardly manage on the money my father gave me, but I did not grumble because I knew his wages were poor. But things seemed to get worse until he began to stay out late at night and I heard that he was keeping company with another

woman who is separated from her husband. My father has six shillings a week from my sister, a domestic servant, besides his own wages. I have a brother who has just left school; three boys go to school and the youngest stays at home.

A month ago I met a boy I knew at school. I was with him one night, it was early, and my father came along. He swore and threatened to kick me. He says I am not old enough to speak to a boy yet.

He has done nothing but grumble. I told him I should go and work for myself, but he says I cannot go as I am under his care for another three years. I am nothing but a slave to him, and I am getting fed up. I have often been tempted to go away, but I have to stay for the children's sake. I wish my dear mother was alive.

Humanist says: *Your father can certainly withhold his consent to your marriage—if you contemplated such an act—but he has no legal right to detain you in his house if you wish to leave. You are at liberty to go whenever you wish. I should stick it out for the sake of the children, but you should inform him that unless things alter, you will not stay.*

ONE GUINEA will be awarded each week to the sender of the best Human Document. This week's winner is "PARDONABLE DECEIT."

THIS is a letter from one of Life's "Throw Outs." I was born of middle-class parents, who in my babyhood lost their entire savings through no fault of their own.

How Stories Are Made.

My childhood was shadowed by this ruin, and I received my early education at a Board school. Emerging eventually from a Teachers' Training College with a distinction in English Literature, I secured a post at once, and worked for a University Diploma, which I eventually took.

Thus, for the first two years of work I was unable to reimburse my parents except by tiny sums, but my health broke down, and the grim spectre of tuberculosis claimed yet another victim. Sanatorium treatment set me up in general health, but the only work of which I was capable was in the open air.

I took a course in short-story writing, and my tutor's reports were very favourable. Not have long to wait for a publisher. I was supposed to have an 'unusual gift for fiction'; but that is two years ago, and all I have earned in the meantime is £15 for three short stories and two children's playlets. Meanwhile my resources are dwindling, and I am still a burden on the aged parents I hoped to help.

I should like to know if the stories in the majority of magazines are written by members of the staff, and, if so, why don't they give the outsider a chance?

HUMANIST says: *If you write well enough, your stories will be accepted. Editors are fighting for good stuff, but not three manuscripts in 2,000 sent in are worth printing. I know because I've read them. Go on working, and get out of your head the idea that you aren't accepted because the editors have friends."*

A YOUNG lady I know married the only son of a most upright and honourable father, but a source of sorrow to all was that after some years there was no child to bless the union. War broke out and the young husband obtained a commission and was billeted in the home of a widow with two daughters.

A Tragic Romance.

Some time later he was sent to Egypt and you can imagine the horror of the wife when a few weeks after his departure she received a visit from his former landlady who informed her that her daughter was in a certain condition and that the husband was responsible.

The thought preyed upon the young wife's mind and she strove to decide what was the best thing to be done. She realised that to reveal the facts would be to ruin the happiness of herself, her husband and his father.

She loved her husband and in the end she hit upon the fantastic plan of passing off this infant as her own. She did so.

The child was born in the country and the wife succeeded in convincing everyone that it was her own. The girl-mother married a Canadian soldier and went abroad. The child was registered as the illegitimate son of the girl, but was later christened as the son of Lieut. and Mrs. —.

The husband's father grew to love his 'grandson' so much that he has made a will leaving him all his money. He is now ill and may die at any moment.

But the tragedy of it all is that the young wife is at last to become a mother in actuality. What is she to do? To tell the truth would probably kill the old man. To keep silent would rob her own child of his or her birthright."

Humanist says: *—If this woman loves the child of her adoption, her course is simple. She must inform the grandfather that another child is coming and ask him in fairness to divide his fortune between the two children. If this fails tell him the truth and trust to his affection.*



CHRISTMAS REFORMERS

by HARRISON OWEN

"GOD rest ye merry, gentlemen," and may next Monday's good cheer make Tuesday's indigestion seem worth while.

The fact that "good cheer" and indigestion so often go hand in mouth, so to speak, is one of the things that reconcile me to the fact that Christmas comes but once a year, for no ordinary digestion could stand a monthly Christmas, and only a poverty-proof profiteer could stand the financial strain of a weekly Christmas.

All the same, I am not among those who are in favour of "reforming" Christmas. Not a bit of it! I would not even take "measures" against the "waits," whose cacophonous ululations are now painfully audible beneath my window. The Chief Constable of

Blackpool, who last year tried to prohibit carol-singing, gets no sympathy from me. In fact, having eased my so-called mind by accusing them of "cacophonous ululations," I wish the waits no further harm.

Similarly I refuse to range myself with the food faddists who want to "reform" our Christmas dinners in the interests of something they call "humanitarianism." These worthy people have such a tender regard for geese and turkeys that they hate to think of them being butchered to make a Christmas holiday, and would like to make compulsory a strictly vegetarian Christmas dinner comprising mangel-wurzels, nuts, canary seed and similarly appetising courses.

It is not only the humanitarian cranks who try to stand between

us and our Christmas poultry. The poultry vendors themselves do their bit. A week or two before Christmas it always happens that clouds obscure the Near Feast and the turkey representatives demand impossible terms. Already we are informed that there is a "shortage of fat geese." The problem of where fies go in the winter time is nothing compared with that of where fat geese conceal themselves at Christmas!

The result is that if we want to "get the bird" we have to pay almost enough to buy a baronetcy, unless, of course, we chance to win a turkey in a Christmas draw such as the Chief Constable of Eastbourne has declared illegal.

The Christmas reformers also include the "hygienic" faddists, who would fain provide a "hygienic" Christmas pudding, and insist that kissing should take place through germ-proof masks. Still worse are the Higher Morality faddists who would like to pass a law that the mistletoe should be hung not more than four inches from the ground, so that no one can stray beneath it.

Fortunately, none of these people are likely to have their way during the present season of peace and good will; so if we can forget such worries as the income tax, the high cost of giving, and the idiosyncrasies of the therm, there is no reason why we should not all enjoy a happy and strictly "unreformed" Christmas.

So the same to you and many of 'em!

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"LAFFORD DRAMATICS MAGAZINE": "They were the recipients of a large number of most useful presents, and remembrances, INCLUDING THE SCHOOL CHILDREN."

"WORK":—"WATER at any temperature contains a CERTAIN AMOUNT OF MOISTURE."

"WOMAN'S WORLD LIBRARY":—"He pushed open the window, SWIFTLY and SLOWLY."

"CROYDON ADVERTISER AND SURREY COUNTY REPORTER" (advertisement): "Dark Navy Pram . . . SQUARE WHEELS."

"HANDICRAFTS":—"The EXTERIOR should not be visible from the OUTSIDE."

"EASTERN EVENING NEWS":—"He saw defendant LYING ON THE GRASS . . . He was holding a gun at the ready, and WAS STANDING UP."

"REAL LIFE STORIES":—"I had no doubt that he, personally, was quite ready to fight . . . and I didn't see any sense in fighting him, and PERHAPS KILLING HIM, IN ORDER TO SAVE HIS LIFE."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR" (advertisement):—"House to Let . . . newly painted and PAPERED inside and OUT."

"DAILY SKETCH":—"It is not wise, O mistress, to venture upon the perilous path THIS NIGHT OF STRONG WIND." . . . He spoke gently, HIS GREAT CLOAK HANGING MOTIONLESS IN THE STILL NIGHT."

THE HOLLOW-CHEEKED CHILD

Unbidden Guests at Your Xmas Feast

SCOTT'S vision of merry England during the festive season has become somewhat dimmed by the passage of time, but Christmas is still the gladdest festival of all the year in most of our homes. Wassail and revelry may no longer hold the same abundant and unrestrained sway as in the mediæval ages, but the feasting and mirth of the family gatherings round the cheerful hearth are just as joyous as ever they were.

Yet your contentment may be marred if one thing is omitted.

Even in the Middle Ages the poor man at the gate was not forgotten. Have you realised that there may be unseen, unbidden guests at your festive board, looking with longing, hungry eyes at your bounteous spread?

There is the haggard father, weary with trudging daily in search of work and returning despairingly to his dingy, cheerless lodgings. There is the wan and wasted woman who sits nursing her babe by a cold and empty grate. There are the hollow-cheeked little children, ragged waifs of the glittering streets, who flatten their noses against the pastrycooks' windows, gazing in puzzled wonderment at the rich dainties which they may not taste.

If you have not made provision for them, these will be your unseen,

unbidden guests. Will you not feel the reproach of those hungry eyes, though you may not see them? Will not your wine taste bitter, and your laughter fall back with a hollow, mirthless echo?

If you would know the greatest joy of Christmastide, gladden the poor man's heart before you sit down to your Christmas feast.

With the aid of the "Greatest of These—" Fund, we have been able to brighten scores of homes this Christmastide, and drive despair from many a cheerless hearth. But the need is far greater than our resources, and in order that we may continue the good work in the New Year, we appeal to all our readers for special remembrance in the midst of their festivities.

If a collection were made on behalf of the Fund at every Christmas party, then your gambols might cheer many a poor man's heart through half the year.

Do this, and let England be merry England indeed.

Yule Logs and Gas Fires

He said the old-fashioned Christmas was a thing of the past. He liked best the days when the coach, not the taxi, rumbled along the frosty road; when the yule log, not the gas fire, burned on the Christmas hearth. Had he known, he could have

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)



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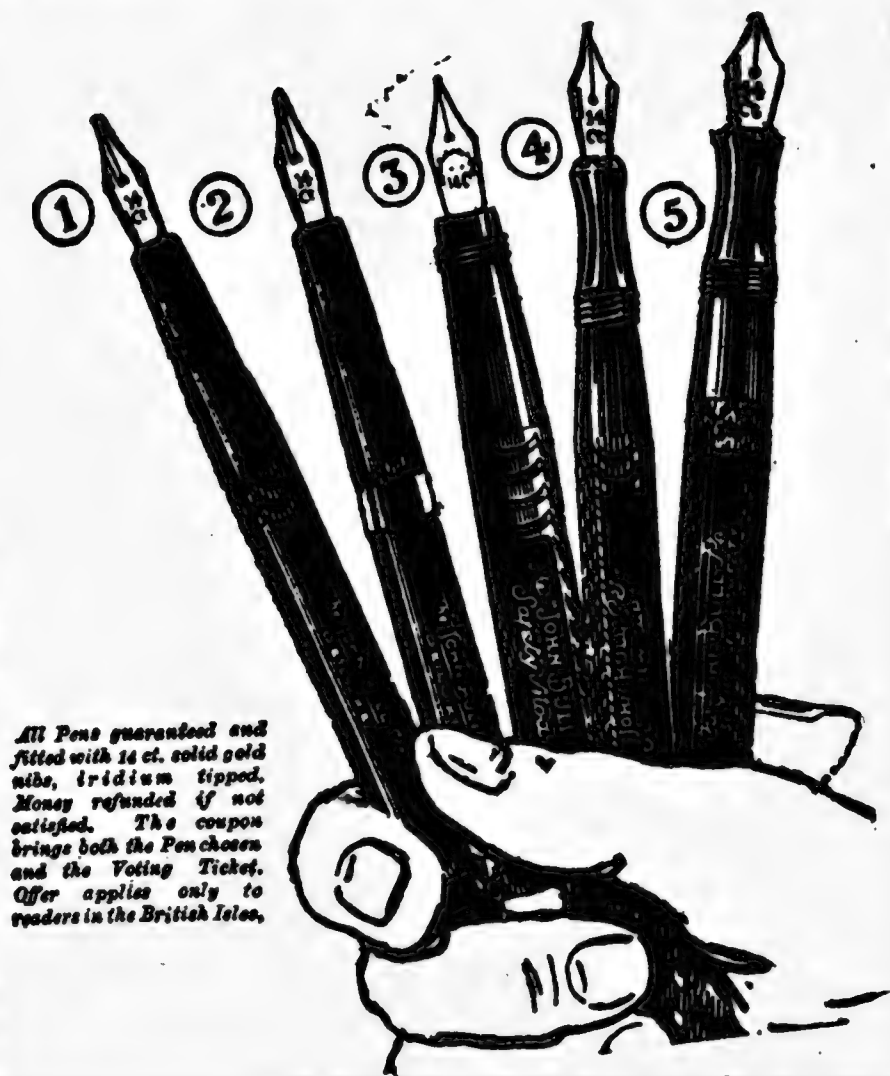
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£10,000 Grand National.

THE turning of the Grand National into a £10,000 race is a sporting event of the first importance, and must have a profound effect upon the jumping game. It will induce owners to put an even better class of horse into training for the winter season, with excellent results all round. At present there is a disposition to say of a poor-class thoroughbred, "He isn't much good—we'll keep him for a little steeplechase."

Keeping Off Bad Horses.

In this way the Turf is kept encumbered with bad horses, and the tone of the off-season sport is lowered. It is a mistake to believe that jumpers possess abnormal qualities which are not given to the majority of animals. Horses jump as naturally as they walk, and the horse that will not jump is, in reality, the unnatural animal. It is largely a matter of training, and a matter of discretion on the part of the owner.

OVER THE STICKS.

Black Gown's Debut.

Black Gown, who is a "class" horse indeed, is the latest recruit to the ranks of the jumpers.

Bucket's Big Effort.

Bucket was "taking something on" when beaten by Royal Highness at Sandown. Under the circumstances he did very well to finish second, and he should pay to follow.

Punt Gun—a Rare Stayer.

Punt Gun seems to be a rare stayer. At Sandown the farther they went and the faster they went, the better did he jump.

A Peer Favourite.

Old Tay Bridge, who was third best in Punt Gun's race, did not appear sufficiently hard trained to justify his favouritism. He will do better than this later on.

Kicking the Little Man.

It continues to be noticeable that when the Stewards inquire into a case of suspicious running the alleged offender is always a "little man."

—SELECTIONS—

The horses in parenthesis after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.

LINGFIELD (WEDNESDAY)—

- 1.0 Governor Wood (Irish Cheer, Poor Jack)
- 1.30 Bucket* (Tons of Money, Panthias).
- 2.0 Ashwood (Forewarned).
- 2.30 Yewden (Sweet Mauveem, Brotherhood)
- 3.0 Ravenspool (Halberdier, Narcosh).
- 3.30 Good Points (Expeditious).

LINGFIELD (THURSDAY)—

- 1.0 Glen Eagle (Atholhampton, Vive-la).
- 1.30 Rocklight II. (Fair View, Desmond's Song).
- 2.0 Rory O'Neil (Streak of Light, Tons of Money).
- 2.30 St. Bernard* (Super-man, Square Dance)
- 3.0 Corlopais (Abbey Island, Double Scotch).
- 3.30 Silver Ring (Broadway, Winkle).

KEMPTON PARK (BOXING DAY)—

- HAMPTON STEEPLECHASE: Bargate (Sancho Panza).
- HOUNSLOW SELLING HURDLE H'CAP.: Vive-la (Bury, Piccolisko).
- Kew SELLING HURDLE RACE: British Warm (Yewden, Troika).
- OATLANDS STEEPLECHASE: Old Tay Bridge (Test Match, Square Dance).
- CHRISTMAS HURDLE HANDICAP: Tomahawk (Flaming Sword, Mile End).
- KENTON STEEPLECHASE: Carrolstown (Wildfellow).
- FULWELL MAIDEN HURDLE RACE: White Satin (Cruiser Arc, Attaboy).

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Rory O'Neil.—The bold fight this horse put up against Firedrake at Sandown, when apparently unfancied and unbacked, suggests that to some extent Harry Escott has been "enter-taining an angel unawares."

Halston.—One of the best Irish steeplechasers of recent times. This horse is now located in Gore's stable, and it will be interesting to see how he shapes over an English course.

Hong Kong.—This speedy customer is a recent recruit to the ranks of "timber-toppers," and with "Teddy" Martin for trainer, he is in the right hands to be taught his business.

Brownstown.—A very useful hurdler, this horse has been well schooled over the bigger obstacles, and when his day arrives he should be made a note of.

Ravenspool.—No one has done better this season with a limited string than Willie Nightingall, and it will not be long before this horse does the Epsom trainer a turn.

Silvo.—This is one of a select string of chasers owned by a new-comer to the game, and judging by the way he performed at Sandown it should not be long before he wins a race.

Wild Vine.—Somewhat of a failure on the flat, this filly has taken kindly to jumping, and before very long she may give Capt. Bennet a winning ride.

Mr. Madcap.—This horse, who was a tearaway sort over hurdles, has steadied down now that his attention has been turned to the bigger fences, and he is tolerably certain to pay his way in steeplechases.

Phantom Willie.—Although he has failed to distinguish himself so far this season, this gelding has not gone altogether to the bad, and he may shortly be "popping up" when least expected.

Harmonious.—A good horse over hurdles, this smart youngster shapes equally well at the big fences, and he will probably take high rank as a steeplechaser.

Dutch Toy.—This mare is worth bearing in mind, especially for hurdle races.

THE BALL GAME.

THE Chelsea slump will continue unless there is much more understanding and design in the forward line. All sorts of experiments have been made but none has led to any harmony. Cock would have been pushed out of most teams long before this, as, to say the least of it, he does not improve; while Hoddinott has not been a satisfactory substitute when he has had his chance.

Chelsea's Mainstay.

As a matter of fact Chelsea has only one forward who has proved himself really reliable just now, and that is McNeill. Luckily for the team Michan sees to it that the brilliant left-winger is well-fed. Had it not been for these two players, Stamford Brook supporters would have even more cause for dissatisfaction.

Two's the Field.

Joe Smith is still doing more than his share of graft in the Bolton attack, and when he and Vizard are on the top of their game there's going to be trouble for any defence. Joe still carries that terrible punch in his left boot and when he hits the ball hard it travels some. I would like to see a left-foot goal scoring competition between Smith, Horace Barnes and Alec Graham. The betting would be 2 to 1 the field.

Bit Over-Due.

Huddersfield had scored well over a goal per match as I write, and yet Clem Stephenson had not got one of them. Clem has always been a maker of goals more than a natural scorer, but when a forward of his skill can play somewhere about 25 hours without kicking the ball in the place that counts, it shows that goals are not so easy as crowds imagine.

The Ideal Pivot.

The 'Spurs management must feel pretty sick when they hear of the wonderful displays by Charlie Wilson, Huddersfield's centre-forward. Why they let this brilliant young player leave their ranks is more than I can tell. For sheer consistency in play and particularly in goal-getting he would be hard to equal. He has

proved himself an ideal pivot, and I can safely prophesy that it won't be long before one of the London teams is after him again.

A Worrier.

They say footballers are born not made, but a manufactured article is M'Nab, the Liverpool wing-half. His football does not seem to come naturally to him, and he almost looks out of place in a team which contains so many finished players. But Mac is a terribly hard man to beat, and he'll worry the best of wings until the bitter end, and that sort is an asset anyway.

Versatile.

Although slightly piqued when he lost his temporary place at centre-half in the Arsenal team, Voysey has sufficiently got over that to become a more than useful inside-right. With a born aptitude for football, Voysey could not play badly anywhere, but I can go further and suggest he might become a very fine forward indeed.

New Centre Half.

Micky Hamill is settling down in Max Woosnam's old place in the Manchester City team, and the side are now doing as well as I said they would several weeks back. There's nothing about half-back play this typical son of Erin does not know. He has plenty of craft, can use either of his feet and is not backward when physical persuasion is necessary. Hamill has no superior in the game.

Unsung.

If Freeman, of Oldham Athletic, got all the advertisements he deserves he would be one of the most talked-of backs in the country. His career, of course, is not exactly beginning and he will now miss one or two honours which might well have come his way before now. Freeman is not only a stylist but one of those valuable fellows who never seems to have an off day.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 23.

(Nap Selections in black type.)

HOME WINNERS.

Huddersfield, Newcastle, Bolton, Manchester C., Tottenham, Preston, Palace, Fulham, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, S. Shields, West Ham, Brentford, Brighton, Bristol C., Exeter, Luton, Northampton, Norwich, Ashington, Bradford, Nelson, Stalybridge, Aberdeen, Ayr, Celtic, Hibernians, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNERS.

Burnley, Middlesbrough, Liverpool, Notts C., Manchester U., Swindon, Walsall, Wigan, Chesterfield, Hearts, Rangers.

DRAWS.

Everton v. Birmingham, W. Bromwich v. Sunderland, Wednesday v. Barnsley, Rotherham v. Bury, Millwall v. Swansea, Southend v. Charlton, Grimsby v. Halifax, Hartlepool v. Lincoln, Falkirk v. Dundee, Hamilton v. Third Lanark, Partick v. Raith R.

SUGGESTED COUPS.

3 DRAWS:—West Bromwich v. Sunderland, Millwall v. Swansea, Falkirk v. Dundee.

4 AWAY:—Burnley, Liverpool, Manchester U., Rangers.

8 HOME:—Huddersfield, Newcastle, Fulham, Leicester, Brighton, Bristol C., Celtic, Aberdeen.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Leicester, Rangers, Millwall v. Swansea.

John Bull's Footballers

No. 13.—S. PUDDEFOOT (Falkirk)

IT says something for Sid Puddefoot when Scotsmen pay £5,000 for a centre-forward. If the best man in that position North of the Tweed later on comes back and joins the 'Spurs, the second cheque will not be any smaller than the other.

Puddefoot did not have many pleasant Saturday afternoons when he was with West Ham. "Stop Puddefoot and we've got a chance" was the watchword of the other fellows, and Sid naturally got fed-up with it. It did not require much persuasion to get Puddefoot to leave Upton Park, and Falkirk have never been sorry over their expensive purchase.

In constructive football Sid has no superior. He is always alert to initiate, develop and carry to fulfilment, and a well-turned figure and graceful style all the more add to general excellence.

Certainly no English centre can so

cleverly control the ball on the move, and if he has rivals in Andy Wilson and Neil Harris, he is faster than either of these Scots and not inferior in marksmanship.

Puddefoot is a London product, the best discovered in the metropolis next to Charlie Buchan. Way down East doesn't seem the right place for a football nursery, but as well as Sid, West Ham has supplied such stars as Shea, Hilsdon, Halse and the late George Webb. He first played for the Hammers in 1918, and the neighbourhood went into mourning when he went to Scotland.

Now England and the 'Spurs want him back. Both badly need a centre-forward, and both have come to the belated conclusion that it must be Puddefoot or Nobody.

Next week: C. Stephenson (Huddersfield).

How to Pick Winners

Points for the Lincoln and Other Big Handicaps

In this article the ex-handicapper continues his interesting study of the big Handicaps. The notes in *parthe* theses represent the comments of 'Rowley Mile,' our racing correspondent

LET us first examine the law of average in relation to the weights carried by winners in the Lincoln.

1892-1913.

6 st.—7 st. ... 8 Winners.
7 st.—8 st. ... 12 Winners.
8 st. or over ... 7 Winners.

From this it will be seen that the largest proportion of horses weighted between 7 st. and 8 st. win the Lincoln Handicap. It is perfectly clear that horses (over the age of 3 years) have little or no chance in the 6 st.—7 st. division. They have been thoroughly exhausted and thoroughly exposed.

Fancy Clorane in an average Lincoln Handicap when Robinson advised the owner that "weight was of little consequence." The horse was well and that was all that mattered. It was the same with Irish Elegance when he won the Royal Hunt Cup. Strange to say, while the average racing man is calculating whether a horse has a pound or so advantage, the biggest trainers do not bother their heads—all they are concerned about is whether their horses are fit or not.

(Given two perfectly fit horses, of course, the question of a pound more or less makes the difference between winning and losing, the start and luck of running being equal.—R. M.)

Grand National.

After the Lincoln you are pretty sure to turn your attention to the Grand National. This is essentially a race to

leave alone. It is true that favourites have won this race, but they are the very great exception and the price returned against them is often equal to about the odds that the winner would safely negotiate the course if there happened to be no opposition.

A horse may be quite good enough to win this race, but as a rule he is lucky if he escapes interference, and there is just as much chance of an outsider finding a clear course, as a favourite.

The "G. N." is the greatest sporting lottery in the world. To those who insist upon having an interest in the race, an aged horse that is not in the habit of falling, and one that has already got over the Aintree course, is as good as anything, assuming the odds to be somewhere between 33 and 100 to 1.

A professional and experienced jockey is desirable. The "professional" usually gets well in front or well behind, and so avoids the crowd of amateurs where one "spill" may mean half a dozen, and out of the half-dozen at least one probable winner. Previous running in steeplechases need not be too seriously considered once your fancy has got over the Grand National course. In case of doubt between two or three, select the one carrying the heaviest impost, with a professional jockey as against an amateur.

If you must have an interest in the Grand National—and I suppose most people will do so—then the best advice is to select, say, three horses with the above qualifications and support one to

win and the other two for places, provided always that the prices are round about 20 to 33 to 1. Nothing less than 10 to 1 should be accepted about any horse winning the Grand National.

City and Suburban.

Although over a longer course than the Lincoln, the City and Suburban has not proved such an obstacle to three-year-olds, by reason of the fact that Epsom is a comparatively easy course, and in addition, there is the extra month of usually better weather. As a rule, however, they should be left alone, except in the case where a three-year-old happened to split two good horses in the finish for the Lincoln Handicap, where its chance at Epsom would be obvious. The course is all in favour of heavy weights as proved in the case of the victories of Newhaven II. (9 st.), Grafton (8 st. 10 lb.), Velocity (9 st. 2 lb.) Dean Swift (8 st. 12 lb.), etc., etc.

Jubilee Handicap.

Only one three-year-old has been successful since 1893, namely, Polar Star (7 st. 12 lb.). Three-year-olds should therefore be left alone. The outstanding feature of the Jubilee is the very large proportion of successful heavy weights, as has been proved time after time by such victories as Orvieto (9 st. 5 lb.), Victor Wild (9 st. 7 lb.), Ypsilanti (9 st. 5 lb.), etc., etc. As a matter of fact, it is an easy course, the bend being all in favour of the top division.

Chester Cup.

This is essentially a race for a little horse, as the bigger the animal the more he is handicapped in getting round the turns on this circular course. The horse on the inside has an enormous advantage, and, of course, a deal depends on the draw or upon the adaptability quickly to get on the rails.

Hunt Cup.

Although short of a mile, this is not a race for a sprinter, as is generally imagined. An Epsom winner at a mile, supposing this to be the length of his tether, would in all probability be down the field at Ascot. The finish is one of the stiffest in England, and in the last furlong every ounce of weight tells. It is the very antithesis of such courses as Epsom or Brighton. It would take a really first-class three-year-old to win this race. They seldom do. Four have been successful in a period extending over thirty years. The winner generally springs from the middle division. In addition to speed, stamina is essential.

(The race is generally won by a good miler—I doubt if anybody imagines the Hunt Cup is a "sprint.") Horses that get an easy mile and a quarter in good time are the best—Square Measure, Longset, Irish Elegance, Lally, etc., are instances of this.—R. M.)

The next article will briefly deal with the qualities required for the two back-end handicaps and will offer a table, analysing the results of all the big races over a period of years.

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Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES: highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 3/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest prices. Catalogues sent post free on application to I.R. BILKES, 111, BUNHILL, MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.K.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

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Our Letter Parliament

Questions that might be asked in the House

Lotteries to Relieve Taxation.

I would like to know if the present Government intend to wipe out the narrow-mindedness which makes lotteries illegal, and if we may expect to see a State lottery instituted at an early date. If this were done, and if book-makers were legalised, an easy avenue to the relief of taxation would undoubtedly open.—Small Flutter, Mandeville Street, Walton, Liverpool.

Divorce Reform—Another Aspect.

The argument that in cases of incurable insanity the patient's husband or wife should be given freedom to remarry is a familiar one; but its exponents forget that the inmate of an asylum is undergoing the very same deprivation of natural instincts, and in many cases, owing to an abnormal condition of the nervous system, suffers far more acutely. Then there is always a chance of recovery. Marriage has always been understood to be a sharing of hopes and risks. If, for instance, a woman inherited a fortune, would she be justified in refusing to share it with her husband?—H. Collins, 23, Boundary Road, Hove.

Our Blood in Mesopotamia.

We must get out of "Mesopotamia"! There is no doubt about that, but in our rush we must not leave too much behind. For instance, who is to get the huge docks at Makina and Margil, five miles from Basra, which cost hundreds of thousands to construct? Who is to take over the magnificent electric lighting systems at Bagdad, Kut and Amarah? What about our railways and rolling stock? Are these to be turned over to the Arabs to remind them of the blood of our countrymen spilt for no purpose?—Tom Chapman, 170, Newmarket Street, Norwich.

Married Women in Jobs.

Owing to the large number of married women teachers now employed by the Education Authorities, it is becoming almost impossible for young people (after passing their examinations) to obtain posts. In the majority of these cases the parents could ill afford the money that has been spent. Must they kick their heels behind unemployment banners while married women are filling their jobs? Surely a "broom" is wanted here.—W. A. Christie, County Club, Carmarthen.

Taxing Bicycles.

Push-bicycles seem to be more in evidence than ever. Shouldn't these users of our roads have to pay a little towards the upkeep. I do not think that even the meanest of them could object to a tax of, say, 2s. 6d. a year, the money to be devoted to the improving of the roads.—L. Woodford, Dinton, Nr. Aylesbury, Bucks.

A Plea for Bywaters.

If Frederick Bywaters is hanged, then Ronald True, a beastial, filthy fellow, who for years lived a profligate's life, should be given a death such as Chinese are adepts at.

Bywaters has been the tool of an unscrupulous woman, and has placed himself where he is through sheer chivalry. The constant repetition of wrongs by Mrs. Thompson, and the seductive smiles of such a woman, have played upon his nature. He has a fine record on shipboard, and everyone speaks well of him.

Names of thousands would be signed to a petition in his favour. His poor

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

mother said he was always a good son, and I believe her.—(Mrs.) Elsie McIntyre, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool.

The Red-Tape Limit.

A new form of Army Reservist's life certificate has just been issued which for official red-tape is hard to beat. Clergymen were formerly required to certify by—

(i.) Signing; (ii.) dating; (iii.) answering whether or no he was the man's employer; (iv.) giving postal address.

Now we are required to answer, in addition—

(v.) Whether we are the man's medical attendant; (vi.) what denomination; (vii.) name of the Church at which we habitually officiate.

We do not grudge a certain amount of voluntary work in this way, but to practically double that work with trifling details of this sort is, to say the least of it, annoying and unreasonable. Besides this, many magistrates who are asked to sign such papers make it a practice to refer the applicants to us, often without reason.—(Rev.) G. W. Montagu Laurence, 17, Queen's Park Road, Brighton.

Return of the Huns.

Are our members of Parliament insane? To think of allowing Germans to flock again into England and still further oust our poor men from work! It is enough to cause a riot. I am a peace-loving, loyal old Englishwoman, but it makes even me want to strike a blow at them.

Do your utmost, JOHN BULL, to keep them out. It seems no use writing to local M.P.s; I did, but my letter was ignored.—Miss J. Tichener, 53, Goldstone Villas, Hove, Sussex.

The Mormon Menace.

In view of the many exposures of Mormon Missionaries' conduct, would it not be advisable for the Home Secretary to take steps to prove or disprove the allegations? If they are true, he ought to have Mormon Missionaries deported as undesirable, and see that no more passports shall be issued to them.

If the allegations are not true why do not the Mormons refute them? They have the same rights and justice as any Englishman.—I. F. T., Harlesden, N.W.

Speak Your Mind!

THIS is your chance to air your views. Who knows—they may do a power of good!

Write to Us!

Subsidised Hypocrisy.

The League of Nations costs its States Members a million, or more, every year. Yet when the real occasion arises to justify its creation the League fails. The sack of Smyrna with its resultant misery is the price of the League's hypocrisy. Why was it so silent in this tragedy, yet so boisterous when "talking" Peace?—E. J. Crick, 31, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

Murderous Maniacs.

Is it not time a reform took place regarding the arraigning of an obvious mental case charged with murder, regarding whom the verdict is almost certain to be "Detained during his Majesty's pleasure"? What good purpose is served by forcing the unhappy creature to the ordeal of Assize trial, which the law now demands? Surely a panel of mental specialists could be relied upon to see that the ends of Justice are not defeated. The present system is cruel, expensive and opposed to all humanitarian principles.—John Williams, Gordon Terrace, Liverpool.

Yellow Pictures.

I think our illustrated dailies have reached the height of pictorial notoriety lately. They have given us a surfeit of photos of unmarried mothers and unwanted children.

I have a great sympathy with any woman who has had her trust betrayed, and have no doubt that the last wish of most of them would be to have their weakness blazoned forth. Besides, what of the child whose photo is broadcasted thus?—H. Yuile, 97, Whitevale Street, Glasgow.

Proportional Representation.

The results of the General Election showed that many candidates were returned as members of Parliament though not representing the majority of electors in their constituencies.

In many three-cornered contests the successful candidate had only a narrow majority over his nearest opponent, who was also only just ahead of the third man. Therefore nearly two-thirds of the electors are unrepresented.

Our present electoral system is out of date. It was instituted for a two-party system, but under a three-party system it is a complete failure. The Government must consider proportional representation before the next election.—Geo. Creed, 25, Gardenia Street, Carlisle.

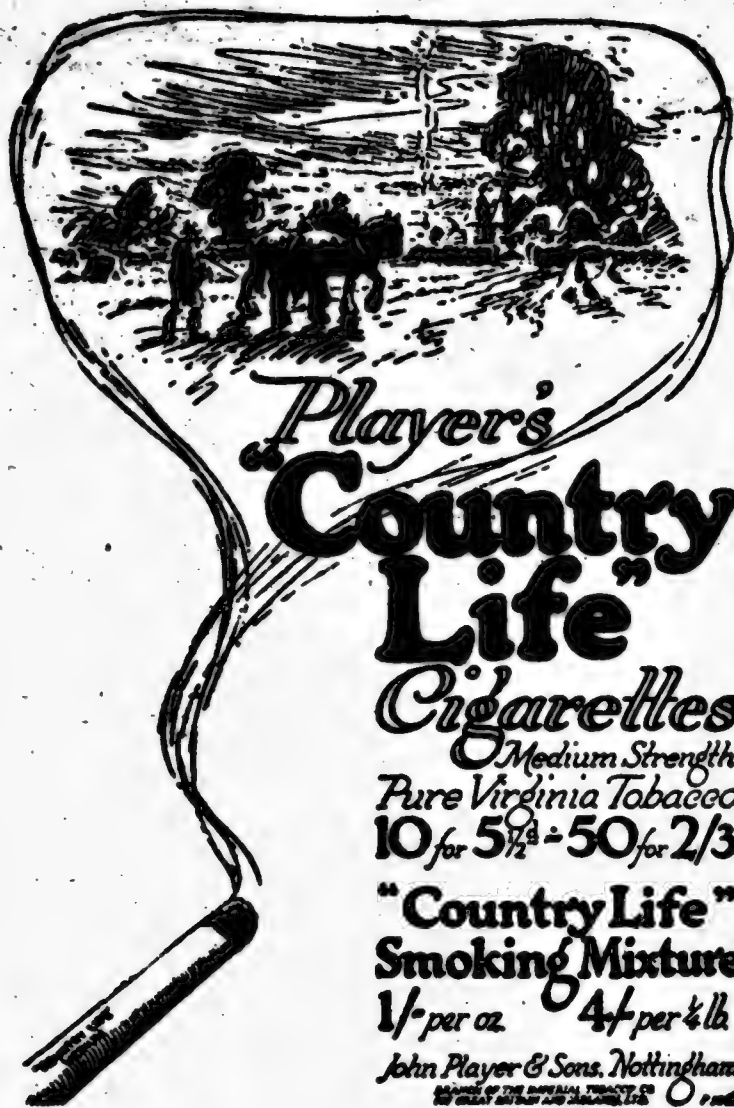
Economy Dangers.

Can the Ministry of Education deny that the increase in secondary school fees is being accompanied by a fall in the quality of the teaching in these schools? The methods used in the cause of economy are such that headmasters are filling vacancies with raw recruits entitled to no yearly increments and often even by non-graduate teachers. Meanwhile hundreds of unemployed trained and certificated teachers of experience are passed over. What do the parents think about it? Economy at Whitehall is one thing. "Economy" in the schools is another.—W.M.B., Newcastle.

Defaulting M.P.s.

When will Parliament make it illegal for a member to retain his seat when he fails to fulfil the promises he makes to secure election? The present Parliament is young, but already we have had instances of members conveniently forgetting their election promises at the call of the party whip.

When the evidence of such grave betrayal is tabled the defaulter should be turned out of his seat and deprived of his salary. So long as performances are not consistent with promises Parliament will never accomplish the work the people, through the ballot box, appoint it to perform.—L. M. B., Darlington.



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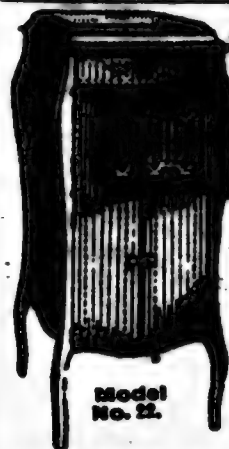
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FRANK (Rogerstone).—"Who's the trainer who lives at Heath House, Newmarket?" **H. W. Sadler.**

UNEMPLOYED.—"When JOHN BULL wags his tale who wags his wag?" We replied to this one last year.

CONGRATULATOR (Northampton).—"I think your paper is the best I have ever read." We agree with you entirely.

A. F. (Kennington).—"Why do you spell 'tranquillity'—tranquillity?" Because we like to have it correct.

P. C. (Camberwell).—"Why do people make so many jokes about policemen's feet?" Big things please little minds.

H. V. C. (Manchester).—"I shall maintain that women are the ruin of man." We strongly hold the contrary view.

CANTERBURY.—"A popular and elderly friend of mine has a large thirst and a pretty young wife." Our congratulations!

J. W. (London, N.).—"A party aged 27 and single is after me. What is she after and what shall I do in the matter?" Send for your mother.

FLOSSIE (Nuneaton).—"I should like to have a few words with the 'Bullets' judges." Put them in a letter, Flossie—they are all so bashful.

MUSH (Cirencester).—"Boxer" and others had their questions answered last week, but I didn't see mine." Funny, but we didn't see your question.

A BROKEN HERO (Glasgow).—"How many hereditary pensions are paid by the Government?" Two, £2,000 a year each, to Lords Nelson and Rodney.

F. L. (Mon.).—"I suppose you don't know anybody that don't want anybody to do nothing for 'em don't you?" We're sending a special messenger with a reply.

YOUNG BILL (no address).—"Ask the office boy if he would like to take a course of my shorthand." The office boy says no. He prefers something more difficult.

SCIENTIST (Ware).—"The world is gradually reverting to its original barbarity." Probably you have inside information. We haven't noticed it. Merry Christmas!

J. B. (Sunderland).—"It took two mounted police and three foot police to arrest a little boy of 3 feet 10 ins. who refused to move on." Perhaps the poor little fellow was stuck.

TISHY (Bolsover).—"How many yards are there in one Rowley Mile, and how long would it take Tishy to cover the distance jockeyless and facing a strong wind?" We have passed on the problem to Rowley Mile and expect his reply any moment.

FIERY (Kingston).—"Is an auburn-haired man fair or dark?" Ginger.

TOM B. (Leamington Spa).—"Why do dogs chase cats?" To bite off their whiskers.

PARENT (Swansea).—"My son has been called to the bar." Get him to sign the pledge.

MILTONIAN (Swindon).—"Is the enclosed what you call blank verse?" Yes, — verse!

ARTHUR (Penarth).—"Lloyd George will have all Wales behind him." So have we if we turn our backs to it.

CHARLOTTE (Bootle).—"I often wonder what you do with all your letters." Read 'em, answer 'em, burn 'em.

JUSTICE (Scarborough).—"I don't see why the Germans should have to pay." And we don't see yet that they will pay!

PETER (Torquay).—"Children are too familiar with their parents." We know children who aren't even familiar with them.

CHARLES D. T. (Birmingham).—"I want to be a bookmaker." Who doesn't? Why not say "I want to be a millionaire" at once?

BOOKWORM (Chingford).—"Did Kipling write 'Westward Ho'?" No. Some people think that in "Stalky & Co. he wronged it."

JACKIE (Peterboro').—"Why is it so difficult to get into America?" We haven't noticed it; there are certainly no bars in New York.

CONVERT (Littlehampton).—"A Soviet Government would cure the evil of party politics." It would certainly destroy all opposition.

ONCE BITTEN (Edinburgh).—"Can nothing be done to suppress the Continental tipping system?" Write and ask for your sixpence back.

MODERN (Cardiff).—"Is it true that thousands who are now living shall never die." Don't try to drag us into a theological discussion.

R. T. S. (Chester).—"My sister has quarrelled with her young man and wants me to teach him a lesson—he's six feet!" Phone him.

RURAL (Honiton).—"Motor cars ought not to be allowed to go more than two miles an hour." You would like ours—it doesn't even move!

PUNCHBOWL (Sevenoaks).—"The old-fashioned Christmases must have been fine." There never was such a thing as an old-fashioned Christmas.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

FIFTY-SEVEN (Barnes).—"Men are as sensitive about their ages as women." But more truthful.

J. B. T. (Aldershot).—"What will the world do when the coal supply goes out?" Be free from coal strikes, anyway.

BORED (Middlesbrough).—"What's the best remedy for a man who inflicts his past on you?" Tell his wife.

HARRIER (Taunton).—"What is the best method for learning to sprint?" Get yourself chased by a wild bull-dog.

BRITANNIA (Weymouth).—"England is on the road to ruin—she is already out of her depth!" Probably the road's up.

S. (Norwich).—"My wife insists on reading at breakfast." We are having a full meeting of the cabinet to consider this.

BRER RABBIT (Gloucester).—"Dartmoor Prison is in a delightful position." And yet it is not really popular with the guests.

HUSTLER (Clapham).—"Why will women persist in holding up booking-office queues?" Because they carry purses.

MADDENED (Marylebone).—"Is there a special department of hell reserved for barrel-organists?" How the—how do we know?

H. J. S. (Blackburn).—"It is scandalous that the Kaiser should be allowed to perpetuate his kind." He can't do worse than Little Willie.

INDIGNANT (Exeter).—"People seem to think that a girl's one idea is to get married." It is not only "one" but all the idea of some girls.

GEORGY-PORGY (Kilmarnock).—"My one aim in life is to be able to write." We hope you hit the target. Your writing is rotten at present.

METHODIST (Thornton Heath).—"Money won by gambling can never bring any real blessing." We haven't been so blessed for months.

DISMAL (Sheffield).—"The morality of the country was never at a lower ebb." We don't know about Sheffield, but Tooting is awful straight-laced.

Mrs. A. F. (Leeds).—"My husband is totally bald, but he refuses to wear a wig." Perhaps he thinks that other people's grey hairs are dishonourable.

E. R. (Doncaster).—"What's the difference between a statesman and a politician?" One is being described by his friends, and the other by his enemies.

D. T. (Cricklewood).—"What does 'a bolt from the blue' mean?" A meteor, an absconding pick-pocket, a shocked retirement from a naughty revue.

SUPERSTITIOUS (Bath).—"I was born on a Wednesday—is that lucky?" Decidedly—the day coincides with the closing date of the JOHN BULL Star of Fortune Puzzle, Wednesday, December 27th, first prize £230.

Mrs. E. M. B. (Nuneaton).—"Cor-dially thine." With you were!

X. Y. Z. (Middlesbrough).—"What is the best way of appealing a mad bull?" Offer it a caraway seed.

J. D. (Wigan).—"My young lady has the cutest little smile you ever saw." Tell her to keep smiling.

JIM (Aldershot).—"Is there any way of curing a man who is always drunk?" Have him bottled as a curio.

J. K. (Southend).—"There's far too many people in London." Perhaps so, but we are a wonderfully nice lot.

FIFTH (Gateshead).—"I like to do my own washing and other people to do the same." Right. We won't interfere.

MAJOR (Barrow).—"How much meat is there in an ordinary sausage?" We haven't induced one to tell the truth—yet.

TISHY (Barnley).—"I cannot understand people who say 'Rome wasn't built in a day.'" Don't worry. It wasn't.

S. L. (Manchester).—"The modern ideas of justice simply amaze me." Frequently they flabbergast us, but we keep chirpy.

W. S. (Weymouth).—"Life is cruel and bitter to all but the favoured few." Cheer up; for most people it is about "fifty-fifty."

H. D. S. (Leeds).—"Who the devil wants to see pantomimes at Christmas, anyway?" Depends what they've got to look at at home.

JOCK (Paisley).—"It does not follow because a man has a red nose he is fond of the bottle." Of course not. Very few babies have red noses.

E. T. M. (Bowes Park).—"The dance and whist drive craze does not seem to be abating." True; nor the popular love of pickled onions.

TINY (Stockport).—"A friend of mine always talks in the first person plural." Probably he wants to avoid being considered a singular person.

MADGE (Chorley).—"Just a line to let you know that I'm still alive and kicking." There now! And somebody told us you'd been and got married.

Mrs. W. (Preston).—"The 'Star of Fortune' is admirable: it is keeping my husband in every evening." We hope he will solve it and be "in" still more.

D. G. (Birmingham).—"Convict Conmy must be a bit of a fool thinking he can get clear away from prison." Maybe there is something in the story that he prefers freedom.

R. E. (Glasgow).—"The enclosed cutting shows what a blighter he is—give it to him hot." Sorry, but you omitted said blighter's name, so cannot wither him as you wish.

Mrs. A. W. F. (Wokingham).—"I told my husband I loved JOHN BULL, and he got quite nasty." He needn't have worried; the ladies who tell us they love us average sixteen a week.

A. D. T. (Kingston).—"I thought the L.G.O.C. had the monopoly, but I see that there are some pirate buses on the routes." We dislike the term "pirate" in this connection. Live and let live.

GERTIE (Folkestone).—"Why do people build houses with windows which make it necessary to employ a window cleaner." Perhaps the builder has a son who shows an aptitude for window-cleaning.

G. A. (Dawlish).—"Who were Scylla and Charybdis, and are they mentioned in the Bible?" Not in the Bible; you are thinking of Ananias and Sapphira, who came a cropper through telling a whopper.

(More replies on page 26.)

**Closing days of our
£3,000 Xmas Offer**

See Page 19.

BONALADDIN and his WONDERFUL LAMP

An Old Story with a New Meaning

ONCE upon a time, there ruled over the City of Brightness a wonderful little Wizard whose name was Dee el Gee. His power was great over the people, who regarded him as a Super-Man.

But in the Palace of Dee el Gee the Magician worked the young Bonaladdin. He had escaped from the Land of Haggis in his early youth and had worked himself, from a slave, into the position of right-hand man of the Magician.

Often when Dee el Gee was away in another City for a Conference, or playing golf, Bonaladdin would carry on the work of the Palace for him. So that, before long, he became as capable as the Wizard himself, and even more honest.

One day the young Bonaladdin discovered in an attic an old and tarnished lamp—the property of one of the earlier rulers of the Palace. He was rubbing it bright when to his astonishment there came a sudden burst of light and a Genius stood before him.

"I am the Slave of the Lamp," the Spirit said. "My name is 'TRANQUILLITY'—command me as you will."

Bonaladdin was simply astounded. But already in his mind a plan was forming, whereby he could rise to the plane of his master.

"I need nothing at the moment," he told the Spirit. "But you must come to me at the Carlton Club this afternoon."

The Spirit bowed and disappeared.

At the Carlton Club that afternoon there met a party of conspirators against the Magician Dee el Gee.

"The tricks of this Wizard" declared the Son of Will, their

leader, "are becoming stale, and his power is waning. He can no longer rule the City."

Then Bonaladdin showed them his Lamp of Tranquillity, summoned the Genies, and told them of the wonders to be accomplished by his aid. Whereat the conspirators marvelled exceedingly and took counsel among themselves, saying: "This is indeed the man for the job."

A ballot of the citizens was taken and Bonaladdin was acclaimed by the populace as the new Ruler. Dee el Gee, disillusioned and embittered, took his sword and went out into the Wilderness with his followers.

In the second Moon of the rule of Bonaladdin, there marched to the gates of the City a mighty throng of men.

"We are hungry!" they cried. "Give us work that we may earn food for ourselves and our families."

Now the Wizard, Dee el Gee, had always kept in the forecourt of the Palace a magnificent painting of a Golden Dawn. And when an emergency like this arose, he would show it to the crowd. "Already," he would say, "I see the Sun Rising Over the Hills," promising them that they also would see it in a little while.

But Bonaladdin had more sense.

"This is no job for the Spirit of the Lamp," he said. "These men want Work, not Tranquillity." And he summoned the Elders of the Council, with whom he arranged for the men to be set to work improving the roadways of the City. The marchers were satisfied with

this plan, and the citizens were content.

Not long afterwards, there came to the Palace of Bonaladdin, Wise Men from Far Cities, allied to the City of Brightness.

"Let us confer," said they, "upon the debt which is owed to us by the City of Ber el Ynn, by reason of the War they waged against us."

If Dee el Gee had still been Ruler, he would simply have trotted out his Golden Dawn picture again and sent away the Wise Men, murmuring bitterly in their hearts against the City.

But Bonaladdin had a different way.

"This is no job for the Lamp of Tranquillity," he said. "The debt must be collected by taxing the merchandise of our former enemies. Yet it is no use to tax only the goods that come into our own bazaars. We must collect the tax at the very Gates of the City of Ber el Ynn, by a toll on every scrap of merchandise which passes out."

The Wise Men agreed, the plan was put into operation, and the debt of Ber el Ynn began to be paid, and continued smoothly without injuring the trade of other Cities.

Now as the time drew near when the Tax Gatherers were due at the doors of the citizens, the cry of a people overburdened with taxation was heard about the City.

Bonaladdin neither pretended to be deaf, nor showed them Suns Rising in the East as Dee el Gee would have done.

"This matter," he declared at once, "is not one for the Lamp of Tranquillity. First we must re-

move the necessity for such Taxation by economising in the administration of the City."

That day, in a corner of the Palace, Bonaladdin found a rusty Axe, which had belonged to one of the name of Geddes, but had never been used. Bonaladdin sharpened it up and set to work felling the Trees of Restrictions which impeded the Trade Roads of the City. Then he tackled the Undergrowth of Bureaucrats which were choking the Ministries of Whitehall, and then the Labour Exchange weeds that grew uselessly in the streets. By this means, the cost of administration was halved, without interfering with the Fighting Forces necessary for the protection of the City.

After that he turned his attention to the system of Taxation. He took the tax off food and put one on Empty Houses, which the populace welcomed because it made landlords reduce their rents.

He took the tax off beer and put one on Bookmakers, which the genuine ones welcomed because it eliminated the tricksters. And he lifted the load from the men with small incomes and big families to the bachelors with large incomes, who could bear it.

So that, by these and other wise actions throughout his Rulership, Bonaladdin was able, without the aid of Bluff, Magic, or the Lamp of Tranquillity, to bring the City to a state of prosperity unknown since the war with the City of Ber el Ynn.

The Moral of this Tale is that although Tranquillity is occasionally a good thing, it is Action—Determined Action—that gets things done.

A. F. MASON.



GRAND FOOTBALL BALLOT

£10,000 Cash Prizes.

MUST BE WON

1st prize **£5,000**

2nd " **£2,000**

3rd " **£1,000**

and many other Cash Prizes

All you have to do is to select an all BRITISH TEAM to beat the World, from a selected list of Players. THE CLOSING DATE WILL BE ANNOUNCED SHORTLY.

Buy your tickets now. DON'T DELAY. Up to £5,000 of proceeds will be paid to Charity. The Ballot is under the control and supervision of an eminent firm of Chartered Accountants.

An Insurance on behalf of the prize winners has been effected with Underwriters at Lloyd's.

PORTUNES TO BE WON.
£5,000, £2,000, £1,000, etc.
Why not try for one. The Ballot is simple. Anyone can do it.

NUMBERED

TICKETS **5/-** EACH

Fill in this Coupon →

DON'T DELAY—POST COUPON TO-DAY—
To THE GRAND FOOTBALL BALLOT (Messrs. Davies & Partners, Ltd.), Walter House, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

Please send me.....Football Ballot Papers, for which I enclose Treasury Notes
Cheque / Money Order / P.O. for.....

Name (block letters).....
(Please write in ink).

Address.....
Cheques, M.O.'s and P.O.'s to be made payable to DAVIES & PARTNERS, LTD. I.B.

OUR CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

To Our Subscription Representatives.

BY the time this message reaches you Christmas will be upon us. So "A Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year" to all of you.

We are reminded here of that little spur we intended to give to your efforts in "Push and Go" by exhorting you to "watch your opportunities." Many of you—we hope all of you—will be going to Christmas parties and mixing with your friends. Don't you see what an excellent opportunity this will be of telling them of your work and the "grand twopennyworth" they can have by registering for the new JOHN BULL?

It is a sad fact that the tinsel and glitter of Christmas sometimes bring disaster in their train. The usual crop of fires during the Christmas holidays will make their appearance because someone relaxed caution for a moment. You never can tell. What a boon insurance is in all such cases.

Many of you will have noticed that many dailies are beginning to hedge on their insurance, and are revising their policies for the coming year. Having the Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World in name as well as fact, we have nothing to revise, nothing to alter.

Our policy for 1923 will be the same as now, namely, to handle all claims ourselves promptly and sympathetically.

JOHN BULL insurance will continue to differ from other kinds in which claims are handed over to Insurance Companies to debate upon.

"Most of my registrations are from people who are tired of taking papers that do not pay up, and they now take JOHN BULL instead." Our eye has caught many sentences in this strain written by our Representatives. You will find further evidence in this week's "Claims Paid" columns that JOHN BULL stands by its promises to its registered readers.

By the way, Representatives living in the neighbourhood of Seaford should make a note of the £125 accident claim paid this week.

We cannot urge you too strongly to watch the "Claims Paid" columns. They help you locally.

The following are the Efficiency Prizewinners for the week ending Thursday, December 7th:—First prize, £3: Mr. J. Jones, 9, St. Albans Road, Treherbert, Rhondda; Second prize, £2: Mr. P. Owen, 29, Walker Street, Warrington; Third prize, £1: T. Brennan, 453, Gerscube Road, Glasgow.

WHAT JOHN BULL PAYS

Household Benefits.

- £300—damage by fire.
- £600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
- £300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
- £250 or £125—in respect of each or loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
- £100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
- £100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
- £300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
- £300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
- £100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
- £100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
- £1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
- £500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees under similar circumstances.

£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disability caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.

£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home & Garden.

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 per week up to four weeks for disability by fractured limb.

£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

Emergency Benefit.

Smallpox—£3 per week (payable up to 6 weeks) should registered reader be totally disabled as a result of contracting Smallpox.

J.B. 23 12.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name (IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use J.B. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing J.B. stamp.

J.B. 23 12.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

JO. (Leytonstone).—"Murder should be in degrees." Slow but sure?

HOME (Byfleet).—"What does labour think it is doing?" Proving it is fit to govern, apparently.

CURLY (Wendover).—"Half the girls I meet aren't fit for wives." Meet the other half more often.

SUSIE D. (Hammersmith).—"I think the Fascisti look perfectly sweet." Fascinating, in fact.

L. A. T. (Colchester).—"What is the most elastic thing in the world?" A politician's conscience.

BELLA (Norwich).—"Are beauty spots lucky?" After counting our moles, we answer sadly "no."

TIERED (Leeds).—"How can I get £200 easily and quickly?" We wish we could tell you; we wouldn't.

K. B. C. (Chepstow).—"When bells ring, what does it signify?" Church bells, worship; door bells, bills.

TELEPATHIC (Bootle).—"I claim to be able to read thoughts." Well you know what we are thinking about you.

ARTY (Clapham).—"When will London wake up?" When the jolly old milk-man comes round—as usual.

OLD MAN J. (Leeds).—"Do you know anybody who wants a baby?" We know a whole lot who don't—and get 'em!

EXPERIENCED (Gloucester).—"The story of my life would make an interesting book." You are not alone in your illusion.

F. R. S. (Hounslow).—"My wife refuses to cook the Christmas dinner." You'll probably have a good night's sleep.

ECONOMIST (Dorking).—"I do not believe in wasting money on Christmas presents." And you were our last hope! Curse!

F. T. (Old St.).—"Christmas is not a happy time for the man who pays bills." And pretty tough on the man who collects them.

HARRY B. (Exeter).—"My young lady wants to be an artist's model. Is this wrong?" The artist will know when he sees her.

MIMIC (Nottingham).—"All my friends say I should make a successful comedian." They probably mean you would look silly.

LITTLE BY LITTLE (Newcastle).—"My ambition is simply stated—it is to be rich and honoured." We doubt whether you can be both in these days.

SYMPATHY (Swansea).—"If I could talk to you personally it would be better, as I am a poor composer." The next time you are in London give us a call.

UTOPIA (Nottingham).—"Wells thinks no clothes and no politics would solve the world's difficulties!" We can't imagine what Wells would look like.

C. K. (Streatham).—"Is it possible to earn much money with the pen?" Yes, if you get a JOHN BULL Pen and win £3,000 in accordance with our Xmas offer.

NICOTINE (Stafford).—"Is it possible to make smoke come out of the eyes?" Our office boy who can do almost anything except work, is on his Christmas holidays.

G. E. Y. (Port Edgar Base).—"Was Sir Roger Casement shot as a traitor in the Tower, or hanged at Pentonville?" He was hanged at Pentonville on August 3, 1916.

MERRY THOUGHT (Clapham).—"What was the origin of 'Clapham'?" It was the home of the Osgod Clapa, and is one of the most ancient names in England.

STAR-SPANGLED (London).—"I realise now why you English people drink tea—I've tasted your coffee!" And we understand why you drink our whisky—we've tasted yours!

JENNY (Bristol).—"A gentleman of my acquaintance has just complimented me on my good looks." Well, that's better than a 'clip in the lug' as they say in the North.

FAIR PLAY (Pontypridd).—"Why won't Carp. meet Beckett. We in Wales are great followers of boxing and like fair-play." Georges will not be able to side-step Joe much longer.

WILFRED (Stockport).—"The person who sends chocolates to Scotland Yard and the Home Office must be a raving lunatic." May be, but that doesn't make the offender less elusive.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

THE SHOP WINDOW

The World's Wonder Boy.

Little Jackie Coogan is almost as well-known as Charlie Chaplin, with whom he has often appeared on the screen. He takes the name part in "Oliver Twist" which will make its first appearance to the British public at the Marble Arch Pavilion on Boxing Day. Any film in which Jackie appears is well worth seeing, but "Oliver Twist" should have a special appeal.

Like Father Like Son.

A few weeks ago "Jock" Rutherford, the famous Arsenal footballer, clothed himself at S. A. Barry and Co.'s. He has since taken his son-and-heir to the firm, and both father and son are delighted. "Jock" says that the Arsenal boys thought that his overcoat brought them luck in their recent match against "Brum."

An Excellent Gramophone.

The Orchestrathone Company are makers of handsome gramophones, which are offered at very low prices, on seven days' approval. They present free, a record repeater which re-plays records automatically.

Interesting Personalities.

The old "salt" who always appears in the Lifebuoy Soap advertisements is shown opening the door to Father Christmas. This really clever advertisement will please everyone. Lever Bros. advertising is as fresh to-day as it was years ago when they started.

Another interesting person is the jolly fellow sitting on the bottle of Bovril. This is one of the best advertisements ever issued to swell the sale of Bovril.

Our "Small" Ads.

The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" deal with a variety of advertisements in a small space. There are a certain number of offers of employment, both for those with capital and without, such as those from the Ontario Government, the Royal Air Force, and some under the heading "For Small traders."

Our Advertisement Guarantee.

No effort is spared to safeguard our readers' interests, and before we accept an advertisement every possible precaution is taken to see that the goods are as represented. We invite our readers to lay before us, quite frankly, any complaint they may have, and as far as is reasonable, we rectify it. When you deal with our advertisers you are at least as safe as when purchasing from a local store, with the additional advantage that advertised goods are usually cheaper.

MISTAKES "BULLETS" COMPETITORS MAKE

THE regulation as to the construction of "Bullets," which appears on this page, is a very simple one. "Give any two, three or four words bearing on the example chosen," but every week some few competitors send "Bullets" of one word, or of five words or more. Such errors by new competitors can be avoided quite easily by a careful study of the rules. But experienced competitors also transgress at times, by endeavouring to treat a series of letters or a collection of figures in a date as one word; as examples: M.P., which counts as two words; I.O.U., three words; S.O.S., three words; U.S.A., three words. 1914, or any like date, would be reckoned as two words, for you would speak of the year as "nineteen fourteen," or "nineteen twenty-two."

Hyphenated words, too, may cause trouble, and the method adopted in judging these is to accept as legitimate any words hyphenated in any well-known dictionary, or, with regard to words of modern invention not yet in dictionaries, to accept any method of spelling in common use.

Playing tricks with letters or words will not be found to lead to big prizes. The use, for instance, of the pound symbol "£" in "Love" to signify money's influence is ingenious, but it is not justifiable, and neither is such juggling with words as writing "Like This" upside down to signify that an airman has "crashed."

The excruciating pun, too, should be avoided, for if one word has to be read as several to enforce a double meaning the larger number will be reckoned and the competitor will be literally "counted out." That more or less blessed word "Mesopotamia" written as "Mess-up-at-home-here" is a good example, for the hyphens will not prevent adjudicators reading this as five words. A good straight pun is quite permissible, but the extravagant coined word does not make a strong appeal to "Bullets" judges.

In the higher grades of competitors' efforts, apart from the good lines which are ruled out by excessive duplication, there is a class which it is necessary sometimes to pass over with the greatest regret. The "Bullets" themselves are often very clever, but they do not fit the examples clearly and exactly. It is evident that competitors have evolved really good "Bullets," but have not been sufficiently careful to fit them to the right examples. Competitors should pay particular attention to this point, which may make all the difference between a small and a big prize.

Mr. Claude Robinson, of 13, Denview Street, Glasgow, who won "Bullets" Competition No. 467 with the line: The Majority—Stand for "The King," states that he always hoped for a prize and that the £250 was the result of relying on his own efforts.

'BULLETS' NEW YEAR OFFER

£150

10 PRIZE OF **£5**

10 PRIZE OF **£2.10**

25 PRIZE OF **10/-**

£500

FIRST PRIZE

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

£10

100 PRIZE OF **5/-**

500 PRIZE OF **2/6**

2000 TARGET PRIZES

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 470.

MY NEW YEAR WISH
PRINCIPAL GIRL
KEEPING A DIARY
STERN WARNING
A PANTOMIME
FRENCH LEAVE
JOLLY
HOME AGAIN
WHITE MAN'S BURDEN
LATER ON
NOW AND AGAIN
SILENT WITNESS
BROADCASTING
OFF DUTY
WHY SHE SMILED
NEVER KISSED
A FAIRY
WHERE LOVE IS
WHAT FATHER GETS
THE END
RIPE FOR MISCHIEF
MOST NEEDFUL
FLAPPER'S GAME
SWEET SIMPLICITY
DOUBTFUL COMPANY
DRY ROT
THINKING
A SNOWBALL
FATHER TIME
A LARGE FAMILY
SHAM FIGHT
FIRST ROUND

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.
Coupons for 25, 50, and 100 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the Three Chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 470 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 467 can now be seen in the window of John Bull, 100, Fleet Street, Glasgow.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet: WANTS "GIRLING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 470, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 4.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(470) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 4.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(470) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 4.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(470) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 4.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(470) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 471.
SAUCY INF—BUZZLED—JUST IN TIME—BLOSSOM CHERRY—CARRY EXHIBITION—PROMISE TO PAY—GOOD GARDEN—NOT TO BE HAD—BONNED FLOWERS—THOUGHTFUL—WISEST PLAN—ON WRONG PLATFORM—BAD MARK—TRYING TO FORGET—A WOMAN'S TASK—SHOPPING—WELL LOADED—WITHOUT A RIVAL—WICKED WAYS—OVER THE TEACUP.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 11th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 471 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 471, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 470.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 468 ("BULLETS" £1,500 OFFER) WILL BE PUBLISHED IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

BOVRIL



*Prevents
that sinking feeling*